THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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MURIEL.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Like some vision strange she stands,
Muriel, Muriel;
Jewels flashing on her hands,
Rarest gems from southern lands—
Scorns she e'en my light commands,
Muriel, Muriel.

Bend your pure eyes down to mine,
Muriel, Muriel.
Kiss me with those lips of thine,
Lips as sweet as Rhenish wine;
Lips and kisses all are mine,
Muriel, Muriel!

Half my love was never told,
Muriel, Muriel.
Though you look so grand and cold,
In your gems and laces old,
Mine you are to have and hold,
Muriel, Muriel.

O, but 'tis a picture sweet,
Muriel, Muriel,
Standing by the river fleet,
Wavelets singing at her feet;
Is it not some lovely ghost,
Muriel, Muriel?

Bend your pure eyes down to mine,
Muriel, Muriel,
Kiss me with those lips of thine—
Lips as sweet as Rhenish wine—
Lips and kisses all are mine,
Muriel, Muriel!

EMILIE MARIA CASS.

A SEA-SIDE IDYL.

BY AN IDLER.

"Is it very beautiful?"

"It is grand."

"And seen best by sunlight?"

"No, by moonlight. The wind is south-west, and blowing straight on the rocks." Puff, whiz! An eddying breeze whirled my Panama off my head, and carried it adroitly over the stone wall that shut in the lane. It went on ricochetting among the scrawny bushes of the meadows, till it caught in the blackberry thorns and stopped. When I returned from the pursuit, Gloriana was poising pensively on the grass ridge which the cart ruts had left in the road, her eyes demurely on the ground. Her *pose* made me nervous, because she seemed to be looking at my boots. Great dabs of mud lay on them, for the soil of the pasture was swampy. Some people always gather misery out of misfortune; the more fools they. I prefer to get advantage from it.

"A stout wind, you see. It will pile up the waves. Spouting Horn will be magnificent to-night."

Gloriana ceased to regard my boots; her eyes looked straight before her. As I happened at that moment to be standing straight before her, our glances met. It was magnetism!

"You must see it. I shall be very careful."

"Of your hat?"

"Pshaw. No; of you?"

"But will it be quite proper? You know we were only introduced this afternoon."

"Ask Hartley."

"Fudge!" I won't, we will go. I will rely implicitly on you."

The little fingers clutched closer to my arm. How they thrilled me—so like tendrils! As I turned and looked down into Gloriana's eyes, I thought instinctively of the oak and vine. What a sweet graceful vine it was!

It is astonishing, thought I, how rapidly a shrewd man can come to comprehend a woman. Only this noon, at dinner time, I was oblivious of the very existence of this soft being who floats upon my arm. Walking out on the piazza, smoking my post-prandial cigar, a burly-burly at the hotel door caught my attention. The stage had just wheeled off, leaving on the steps an old gentleman with a cotton umbrella, a young gentleman with silk hat, a Milesian female with a baby, and for the rainbow after the storm, an incomprehensible sylphlike form, who gave an order to the porter, and then vanished up the stairs. There was an avalanche of trunks, too; but of these I took no notice at all. "Saratoga handboxes" are my pet aversion.

Just as my cigar had cindered down to zero, Hartley planted himself before my chair.

"Now, George, it is a pity."

"What is a pity?"

"That we have got to go to-morrow."

"Humph! She can do very well without us; besides (and, doubtless, my face wore a grim sort of smile as I spoke,) if you wish to stay, probably it can be managed somehow."

Hartley bit his lip. By a mysterious physical process, there also grew a faint red tinge, such as romancers might name a blush, upon his cheek.

"Now, be reasonable, and merciful, too, if I must say it. The facts are, that there is a fresh arrival, and I want you to be introduced."

"What is it?"

"Helen, Hebe, Cleopatra—an old friend of mine."

Confound that Hartley; he is forever bringing up his old friends. He knows everybody.

"Where is it from?"

"The moon. Come along."

I flung away the remnant of my Havana and followed. There is no evading the rascal.

Into the ladies' parlor—into the remotest, and darkest, and coolest part of the parlor. There she sat, or, rather, there she rose.

"My friend, George Hoderet, Miss Gloriana; Miss Gloriana, George."

The fair *debutante* gave a cordial hand-grasp—I like that—and we two were acquainted in half-an-hour. If Hartley would only have kept out of the way. But, instead of this, he was maliciously, persistently in the way, making all kinds of queer innuendos, and distracting our piquant enchantress, until my patience became exhausted.

Some people are fertile in inventions. As to that matter, well, perhaps it is wiser to let actions be their own orators. Self-praise is abominable in a gentleman. An idea flashed upon me, and I beckoned to the superfluous H.

"Go down to the beach, and hire X——'s trimmest yacht. We will be there shortly." [This last in a whisper, and so, properly, in small type—only Reade would be litigating about copyright.]

The man was quick at perception. He went. Then I caught my opportunity. "Miss—what shall I call you?"

"Oh, Gloriana, by all means."

"Miss Gloriana, would not you like to take a walk?"

"Is it not too hot?"

"Believe me, no; it is quite cool."

"Very well—yes."

So we went also, only in an opposite direction. I hope Hartley enjoyed his yacht, the scamp! The walk was enjoyable, at any rate.

Of course there are people who would be choked with envy at the ease with which I had just persuaded this bewildering beauty to make the evening excursion. It was certainly a notable triumph, but a great general never halts till the whole field is gained.

"Will your brother accompany us?"

"What brother?"

"Pardon me. I am overwhelmed with admiration. You dare to travel alone—an American Ida Pfeiffer, only a great deal younger, and—forgive me—not quite so ugly!"

"I wish my uncle were here; you would find him ugly enough," said Gloriana, withdrawing her hand as she spoke, and looking flushed and angry.

"A thousand apologies," I muttered, utterly taken aback by the result of my inquisitiveness.

"Not that any relative of mine is cross-eyed," she added half aside.

"Nor cross-tempered either."

"You are plainly determined that I shall bear my cross."

"Rather would I crucify and abase myself before you. It was an honest compliment, that suggestion about a possibility of your traveling alone. Dis Vernon is my household goddess."

"Then you advocate woman suffrage?"

"So far as voting for moonlit trips, most unquestionably; or riding on horseback, or bravely doing without us men, now and then, for the nonce. Does your uncle hold a different philosophy?"

"Perhaps so, and perhaps not."

"So you would be angry with me for a 'perhaps?'"

"He would not understand you; though, of course, you meant well enough," continued my companion, relentingly. "I like courage in a woman, myself; but this time I am under excellent escort. Have you not seen him?"

"Your uncle? I should be most happy. He was on the coach."

"Clear on the top-seat, with his head uniquely protected by—by a cotton umbrella!" and Gloriana laughed merrily.

"Ah!" and very naturally I joined in the laughter, as the recollection of the apparition of the stage came more distinctly to my mind. "All the better, then (it is human to fib). He will make one of our party."

Gloriana smiled assentingly, and, as we started homeward to the hotel, it became quite evident that the blunder had been retrieved, and that everything would run smoothly thenceafter.

They were ringing the supper-bell when we reached the piazza of the Agawam, and I had the honor of leading in my companion. Hartley sat opposite and glared. Only a saint could have resisted the impulse for mild revenge. The present narrator was not a saint.

"Did you have a pleasant sail?" was my bland interrogation.

"Capital: we were a little too jolly—that is all. As you didn't come, I invited half-a-dozen loungers, just over from Southwest Harbor, and they were rather hard on the champagne. Sister thinks the sail will have cost you a round hundred—a mere trifle, though!"

Gloriana looked up admiringly. How women smile on the men who call a hundred dollars a trifle. I began to be jealous of Hartley. And then the audacity of the fellow! For a moment I could not speak. It was like a man grinding his heel into your pet corn. "Ah," said I, at length, "a mere trifle." We were rather silent for the rest of the meal. But I beg the reader to understand that the question which troubled me had nothing to do with that silly yacht affair. I was melancholy, if it must be confessed.

To make my emotions clear, an explanation is necessary. Hartley, though sometimes maladroit, the vagabond, was the man that I have always most liked, as the world goes. It had been a friendship of ten years' standing, and was rather the better for age. Some ten months since, however, the scapegrace not only fell in love, but married. I was down in New Orleans at the time, and, on returning to New York, told the fellow flatly that I'd never look at his wife or her photograph. Fortune favors the brave. She was away in New England, thanks to the beneficent stars, and Hartley was wandering up and down Broadway in bachelor loneliness. "Happy for a breathing spell," as I told him, only he was demented enough not to realize it. Summer came flaming on. The intrusive "she" still lingered in the vicinity of "the Hub." Hartley's mother-in-law was sick, if the truth must out, and I was cruel enough to hope she would continue so, provided it didn't hurt her. My old confrere found the dust and Simoom air of Manhattan disagree with him. The doctor insisted on a vacation and the sea-side. So one day we voted to make a flying trip, by grace of rail and paddle-wheel, to Mt. Desert Island. "Only," chimed in the exigent H., "when we return, you must promise to stay in Boston three days, and, well, be conquered by 'Trice!" What a jealous pang that mere atom of a name always produced in me! First I pooh-poohed and demurred; but there was no alternative. "Be it so, then—as to the stopping, I mean."

Thus the bargain stood, and we went whirling towards sunrise. Possibly the truth of history will require the statement that Hartley lodged one night in the modern Athens. But, then, Niebuhr has proven that much of history is myth; and as to truth, what is it? as jesting Pilate and a thousand more have asked. In due time, at any rate, we had reached that roughest and most charming of New England wildernesses, the Island of Mt. Desert. Up to this very hour of the appearance of Gloriana, we had lived, breathed, and had our being among the hills, along the trout-brooks, and out in the deep-sea fishing-grounds. It was emphatically jolly, and I had begun to feel fairly sentimental when news came that mamma-in-law was better, and—

What is the use of wasting words. Hartley and I were bound to go "Hub"-ward by the morrow's sun, and the prettiest romance in the world was likely to be nipped in the bud. Any one would be saturnine in such circumstances, and the vexation of it clouded my enjoyment, not only at the table, but after, when Hartley proposed we should stroll down to the beach and get sight of the fishing boats as they dropped in before the twilight.

Gloriana accompanied us, and, certes, if everything else seemed dismal, she was sunlight itself. What rifts of golden sunset lay in her magnificent hair! How sad and pensive were the glimpses of azure under those amber, delicately arching eyebrows! How they would mellow and sentimentalize in the dusk of the moon-lit cliffs of Spouting Horn! As we sauntered over the shingle on the beach Hartley was good-natured enough to leave us a good deal to ourselves, and, under the bewildering influence of the moment, it was easy for these buoyant anticipations to drive away the melancholy forebodings of the morrow.

"You are then fully resolved, Miss—Miss—"

"Gloriana. You seem to be frightened at my name, sir!"

"I am bowed down before it. It is so charming—like, like—"

"Myself. Really, Mr. Hodoret, I have to help you out. Of course I am resolved. Uncle and Mr. Hartley have both consented, and you cannot think I would resign the opportunity of making the acquaintance of so wonderful a piece of nature, when I have so excellent a cicerone to point out its beauties. Besides, who is me! Perhaps I shall go to-morrow!"

"To-morrow! That is good and bad. Why, it's what I have to do myself."

"Indeed. I hope your luck will be better than mine. You see, my dear sir—there, I have already forgotten my proprieties. Well, respected sir. That will do, I think. A somebody—a very near relative in fact—is going to lay violent hands on me, and carry me off; the Graces know whither; possibly to horrid New York."

Now, this was curious. And then, the delicious sneer at "the proprieties," to say nothing of "my dear sir." Her piquancy and openness made me eager to get the excursion in forward state. Just then Hartley came up. In five minutes we had planned everything, and in half an hour we were sailing toward that hideosity which the islanders call Schooner Head.

"This Spouting Horn is a part of a gigantic ridge of porphyry which runs along two miles against the sea, rising three hundred feet above the sea-foam at its southerly abutment, and filling the spectator with genuine emotions of the sublime." So I commenced my oration, Gloriana leaning on my arm admiringly as we stood at the boat's bow under the moonshine; and Hartley, with the old man, who still carried his cotton umbrella, both together at the stern in chattering conversation with the skipper. They were remote, and Gloriana was near. Could anybody fail to be eloquent in so happy a juncture?

"The spot which we are rapidly nearing has an unpoetic name, but in itself is marvellous for grandeur. Imagine a castellated freak of nature, two massive bastions of solid rock, the inner face of the fortification like a grand feudal structure, the drawbridge up, and a dark gateway into which the waves, like the Moorish host in the old chivalric days, are pouring in to storm the mighty stronghold of Christendom. The waves, with their deep-blue glitter, recall the steel armor of that glorious epoch. You hear the clash of a thousand spears, the clog of ten thousand battle-axes. For a moment one's faith pales before the terror of the onset, and the crescent seems to rise superior to the cross. But await! Behind the inner arch the invading waters meet a second and an impassable wall. They fret and foam against it. The white crests of the waves dash thirty feet high toward the summit; but it avails naught. Then ensues discomfiture, and the dire confusion of the failure. The waters roll back in dismay, a mad hurly-burly of broken strength, a chaos of heaving turbulence—while the everlasting cliff lifts itself serene and unharmed above the impotent turmoil."

Here I paused to catch breath, and, if it must be confessed, to witness the effect of this rhetoric upon my companion. Women, as all my readers know, love this sort of fustian. That is why Ruskin's books sell so well. Of course, to a matter-of-fact person like myself, such flummery is tiresome; but I had picked up Hartley's note-book a day or two before, and could not resist the opportunity to repeat some of his high-flying nonsense.

"How grand you are at description, Mr. Hoderet."

"How pretty you are at complimenting, Miss Gloriana."

"And how impudently you are flirting, Sir George—"

We both turned round in amazement.

Hartley was standing close to us, with a whiter face than his wont. It was probably the effect of the moon; but in daylight I should have said he was jealous. In the present instance, there was of course not the slightest ground for such an absurd emotion.

"Why, Mr. Hartley, how foolish in you!" whispered my companion, who at the same time approached a great deal nearer the intruder than suited my sense of propriety.

"Foolish! That is putting it too mild; impertinent you should have said. What do you mean, Hartley?"

"Oh! nothing at all. I only wished to startle you, and get a chance to join in this delightful conversation. Or rather, to be frank," and here he broke out into a queer laugh, "I am come at the suggestion of your uncle, Gloriana. He seemed to think that my friend might possibly need help in entertaining you."

"Hang all cotton-umbrella-uncles," I muttered, half to myself.

"By-the-by," he continued, "we shall be anchoring presently."

Sure enough, the words were scarcely out of his mouth, when the captain's boy came forward and began to lower sail. Next followed the grating sound of the descending chain. In three minutes we were safely moored, and in fifteen we all stood on *terra firma*.

I bowed with excessive courtesy to Gloriana's uncle, as that shadowy personage came forward into unexpected prominence, and bestowed himself upon his niece with the aspect of a protecting spirit. The charm of the excursion was broken, and it mattered little whether Hartley or the cotton umbrella dominated. Besides, I had the moonlight, if I could not have the lady.

At this stage, the reader probably anticipates either a dissertation against all uncles, cousins, brothers, and the rest of that impertinent crowd of maladroits who molest *every* watering-place with their unescapeable presence; or else a fine burst of word painting, in which ocean, cliffs, the lambent moon, &c., &c., should mingle wonderfully together. In that event, I can only say that blessed is that man who anticipateth nothing, for he will not be disappointed. Scenery is a very pretty thing to talk about, if you have a pretty woman to talk it to; and uncles are unquestionable nuisances, but they are also dispensations of Providence, and therefore not lightly to be spoken of.

In the present ineffable emergency, I did what every seaside philosopher would do—took out a cigar, and sought wisdom and consolation in smoke. Smoke, next to time, is, after all, the great consoler.

As luck would have it, I found that I was without matches. Consequently, it became necessary to return to the boatman. Therefore, a good pretext arose for lagging behind, which circumstance resulted in a favoring sequel, as witness:—

To get to Spouting Horn from the shore, one may mount a hill and then descend, or scale the immediate rocks, and be there in thirty seconds. If a lady be in the case, the former approach is the only feasible one. If you are alone, and are supple-limbed, the quickest route is on the whole the best. Naturally, I chose the latter, and was thus enabled to reach the ground very much before the others.

Watching them as they wound their way down, I noticed that Gloriana had somehow fallen into Hartley's charge, while the cotton umbrella was nowhere to be seen. The crash of the water, as it plunged into the basin, prevented my hearing any of their conversation, yet it was easy to see in the moonlight that they were speaking with great earnestness.

"Why, here is Mr. Hoderet!" suddenly broke forth Gloriana, as she placed her foot on the shelf in the ledge where I had ensconced myself.

"And this is Spouting Horn," said Hartley, laying his hand on my shoulder, and looking as if he would like to do the same thing in another direction.

"You each find what you were in search of," I chimed in, maliciously, at the same time moving a little towards the water's edge, to make room for the new arrivals.

Gloriana pouted her lips most bewitchingly at this sally, but neither Hartley nor herself vouchsafed any audible response. The fact was that they were both thinking a great deal more of the ocean than of myself. Indeed, under ordinary conditions I should have been in much the same frame of mind.

Overhead was the great span of heaven, with the stars keenly visible, although the moon shone clear. All around stood immense piles of beetling rock, which took in the usual amount of mystery in consequence of the partial darkness. Below was the surging ocean, five hundred feet deep from the very edge of the narrow ridge on which we stood. In front rose a shaft of porphyritic stone, with equally perpendicular, though scarcely as lofty, wings of rock jutting out against the water, and forming the two sides of a triangle. The waves dashing furiously in on one side of this natural bastion, and then flung over to the other, or surging into the hollow of the main column, produced a very grand effect, though of course nobody but Hartley would have talked about Moors and knights, crescent and cross, and the rest of his note-book rubbish. The mere shock of the inflowing seamass, its power heightened by the heavy winds of the previous afternoon, was terrible, while the roar of the crashing waves resembled an artillery battle.

Gloriana's face flushed splendidly under the excitement.

"I owe you more than I can well express for suggesting this trip. It is positively grand."

"It is positively wet," was my splenetic reply, to which a sudden dash of spray rendered unexpected emphasis. "Really this is getting too showery, and I wonder that you are able to do without the cotton umbrella!"

"Why, yes," ejaculated Hartley. "Where is your uncle?"

The young lady looked up the shelving sides of the circumjacent cliff in answer. But the old gentleman was pertinaciously invisible.

"One of us ought to go in search of him," said Hartley, casting an appealing glance at me.

The shot miscarried. It is not my style to leave a comely woman in such a happy conjuncture as was the present, if the thing can in anywise be avoided. Besides, my friend had evidently quite forgotten the allegiance he owed to a certain ineffable personage in the vicinity of Boston.

"Suppose we all go back," sighed Gloriana.

"No, wait here, I will find him;" and Hartley sprang away into the darkness.

It was the most natural thing in the world for my companion, now that we were alone, to take my arm. Terror always mingles with grandeur, and the solitude even affected me. Human beings cling to each other at such moments.

"That was a vexatious interruption on the yacht. I have been in an ugly humor ever since."

"Never mind, it is all right now." She looked up so prettily as she said this, that I could not restrain an exclamation.

"What a glorious woman you are!" The words were scarcely out of my mouth than I regretted them. Curiously, she did not appear disposed to be angry. Indeed, it was I who was surprised at the next turn of the monologue.

"Do you really like me, then?"

If the everlasting rock beneath our feet had suddenly been rent by earthquake, it would not have amazed me more than did this question. Heavens! was the girl in love with me? Had I been decoyed by my own mouth into the matrimonial snare? She was beautiful enough, certainly. Any man, as the novelists say, would have been justified in wishing such a wife. Only I was as far from feeling that sort of thing as I was from hanging myself. Bachelors on the sea-side these summer days can appreciate my perplexity, even if they have not experienced it. For a moment my embarrassment made me tongue-tied.

"You don't answer. I hoped you would like me because—"

Hartley's voice from above interrupted her:

"Come up—quick, both of you; the tide is turning, and we must go."

I proffered my hand to Gloriana, and we slowly ascended; the excitement and difficulty of the path preventing us from talking—and thus painfully prolonging the completion of her sentence.

For myself I was in no haste. It was likely to be my death sentence. Though I didn't love one jot beyond reasonable friendship, yet if she loved me—why there was no help in the matter. I have always held that if a woman confesses a passion for a man, rather than she should suffer, he ought to walk the plank gracefully, and say amen to the priest.

We halted after we had gotten half way up, in order to take breath.

"I was on the point of revealing a secret," said Gloriana, her face assuming a strange expression—while I trembled at each syllable she uttered; all the worse, indeed, because Hartley was coming towards us and would be sure to hear every word.

"The truth is you have been so good to me to-day, that I can't help hoping," there her voice seemed tremulous] "you like me, because," [at this crisis I felt as if I should go mad, for Hartley was within ten feet, and must surely hear all,] "because I am—Hartley's wife."

"As you very surely are," joined the gentleman thus alluded to, and emphasizing the assertion by a very singular breach of the proprieties.

"Well, George?" presently interrogated the scapegrace, with unblushing impudence.

"Well, George!" chimed in the other, her face tinged with blushes enough for two.

The inordinate raptures which followed upon the disclosure enabled me to somewhat recover my equanimity.

"It is not at all well, your impertinence. So absurdly transparent a stratagem too! Of course I understood it from the first."

"Of course you did, George. And that was why you let me run up that little yacht bill."

"And took me out to walk, too," chimed in the pitiless Beatrice.

"*Sans merci*, each one of you. I shall—"

"Ever more like 'Trice—for Hartley's sake—now say it." And the bewitching creature caught my left hand, while her scapegrace husband seized the other.

It was positively embarrassing, and it was getting fearfully late.

"We ought to be sailing home, you silly ones, How about the tide, Hartley?"

"You will be tied here till you answer," was the peremptory response.

"And you are happily tied here and elsewhere," said I, surrendering at discretion.

Concerning the amiabilities and the gentle nonsense that followed this compulsory avowal, it becometh myself not to speak, nor my readers to trouble themselves. Hartley confided to me that the champagne affair was a hoax, while Beatrice agreed to be Gloriana henceforth in my vocabulary.

Just then the old gentleman came up, and, as we walked down to the shore, he proved himself so unexpectedly entertaining and hearty, that I forgave him for his part in the plot forthwith.

And so we went sailing home laughing over the luck of the day, and voting to put it on our calender for future due observation. The next day we did not go to Boston. With which crumb of a fact the present narrative will close.—*Northern Monthly.*

CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c.

CHAPTER IX

GREYCRAGS.

"Mr. Crawford has not at present left his chamber, being unwell," was the reply given by the servant to Mr. Carlyon; "but Mr. Richard is somewhere about the grounds, and I will let him know you are here. Miss Crawford is in the drawing-room, sir, if you will step this way."

Twice or thrice, but not more, Carlyon had had an opportunity of observing Agnes with attention, but he thought that she had never looked half so lovely as when rising hastily, though with grace, from a table at which she was putting some finishing touches to a drawing, she came forward to meet him with heightened color, and outstretched hand. On the day before, her beauty had struck him indeed as wonderful; but then it was something out of nature, if beyond it. The expectation of immediate death had glorified that charming face, and changed it to something celestial; it had presented the chastened and unearthly loveliness which the moonbeams cast upon some fair landscape. To-day, though radiant as a sunbeam, she looked

> A creature not too bright and good
> For human nature's daily food.

"Mr. Carlyon," said she, "I have to thank you for my life; what words shall I find in which to do so?"

"None, my dear madam," returned he. "Words are unnecessary: indeed they are. I read in your face that gratitude which a generous mind is so prompt to pay with usurious interest."

She smiled and shook her head. "As you please," said she. "True courage, it is said, always makes light of its own acts; but when we left you yesterday at Mr. Carstairs' house, you were scarcely recovered. I trust you are now yourself again."

"Unhappily, madam, yes;" here he released her hand, and sighed. "They tell me I was under water a few seconds longer than yourself and your cousin: otherwise a great hulking fellow like me might to be ashamed of himself to have been the last to get his breath."

"And your horse, Mr. Carlyon—I trust that noble horse has come safe to land?"

"He is standing in your stables at this moment. If I could but let him know that you had asked after him, I am sure that Red Barbd would be better pleased than with a feed of corn. His nature is chivalric—except," added Carlyon, smiling, "that he never earns the spurs."

"I have had another visitor this morning, Mr. Carlyon, to whom, next to yourself, Richard and I are indebted for our preservation yesterday; and for fear I should forget it, I will tell you at once that I have a favor to ask you in connection with him. When one owes one's life to a fellow creature, it does not matter what one owes beside; the weight of obligation cannot be increased; so you see I am quite shameless."

"Whatever the favor may be, it is granted, my dear Miss Crawford. You speak of William Millet, I suppose, whom I have just met upon the road."

"Then he probably asked you himself?" said Agnes, eagerly.

"No; although, of course, I would have obliged him in any way. But he is very modest, is William."

"Very modest and very good," replied Miss Crawford, thoughtfully. "I don't know any one so good in all Mellor."

"He does not seem a happy man, however; at least, he has always a melancholy go-to-meeting sort of air about him." There was the shadow of a sneer upon this last sentence, cast by the speaker's self-contempt, not contempt of his subject. Carlyon felt that he was in danger of playing a hypocritical part to please this beautiful girl, and he resented his own weakness.

"If William Millet has sorrows," replied Agnes, confidently, "they are not his own. His heart, like the pelican's breast, bleeds for others, not for himself."

"Yes; he has a worthless, drunken father, poor fellow," said Carlyon, abruptly; "that must be a bitter bane to any man."

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Carlyon; you and I cannot know how bitter. I say you from hearsay only; but if what everybody agrees in must needs be true, you were exceptionally blessed in your father."

"He was a man of the strictest religion and piety," returned Carlyon.

The extreme coldness of his tone could scarcely have escaped her—and indeed it was intended to be observed—but she went on as though she had not heard it.

"In that case, you ought to feel pity for those who are less fortunate in their parents."

"I do pity William Millet, Miss Crawford. If you ask me to pity Stephen, a man who for a glass of gin has put a life like yours, to say nothing of your cousin's and mine, in deadliest peril, I cannot do it."

"I ask you to forgive him," said Agnes, pleadingly.

"William has asked me to do that already, and I have done it. I have promised also to try my best to get the old man forgiven, although that will be no easy task in Mellor, where, if you had perished, they tell me every household would have lost its truest friend."

"No, sir, no," said Agnes, hastily; "poor folks are thankful for small kindnesses, and magnify them in their talk. But to *this* household—that is, to my poor father—my loss would have been doubtless great. The very nearness of such a calamity (for such it would have doubtless been to him) affected him very deeply; he showed himself far from well at Woodlees yesterday, Richard tells me."

"Yes, he was twice overcome, although I did not understand the cause; but at your father's age there is nothing surprising in such seizures, particularly since he has been such an invalid so long."

"Just so," said Agnes, in low earnest tones; "there is nothing surprising. You will not be disturbed therefore, if, when you come to see us, as he hopes you often will, he should occasionally give way in a similar manner. I am afraid he is scarcely well enough to see you to-day, although I know he counts upon the pleasure of your dining here on Thursday—indeed, I had, at his request, written you this formal invitation—which, as you see, only awaits the postman."

"I accept it very gladly," said Carlyon; "notwithstanding which, oblige me by not tearing up the note. It will remind me—although, indeed, I am not likely to forget it—of the engagement. Do you always act as your father's amanuensis thus, Miss Crawford?"

"Always: I have done so for some years. Even his business matters—except just where his signature is necessary—are entirely transacted by me. You smile, as though you doubted my fitness for such a post; but I assure you, I am very exact and methodical."

"Nay, I was only envying the attorney whom Mr. Crawford employs," said Carlyon, simply. Tone and gesture were both wanting, which should have accompanied a compliment so high-flown. The young girl blushed deeply, and there ensued an embarrassing pause.

"That drawing of yours reminds me," resumed Carlyon, pointing to the table, "of the pretext on which I have ventured to intrude upon you. This sketch-book was found upon the sands this morning, as well as a camp-stool, which the finder will bring with him before night; it is yours, I conclude, although I am afraid it can be of no further use."

Miss Crawford looked very grave at the sight of this memento of her late peril. "I thank you much, Mr. Carlyon. It is useless, as you say, for its original purpose; but I am very glad to have it. It will serve to remind me of the Providence which mercifully preserved me in so terrible a strait; as well," added she, with frankness, "of the brave gentleman who risked his life—nay, almost lost it—to save that of mere strangers. My unfinished sketch, I perceive—" here her voice faltered in spite of her utmost efforts at self-command—"has vanished from the block. Surely the sea could not have taken all the color out."

"I assure you, dear Miss Crawford, on my honor," exclaimed Carlyon, earnestly, "that *I* have ventured to take no such liberty. The book is just as it came into my hands."

"Nay, there would have been no great harm," returned she, smiling, "even had you committed such a theft. The wrecker, I am afraid, whoever he is, will have gained but a worthless prize."

"There I differ from you," said Carlyon. "I never before properly appreciated my manorial rights to Flottsam and Jettsam: I will punish the rascal who has thus deprived me of them with all the rigor of the law—that is, I would if I could. From whence is the sketch taken which you have just finished so charmingly? I should know those hills well enough: that is Wynthrop Pike, is it not? and that Cold Harbor Dod?"

"No, the Dod is here, in the middle distance; although I daresay it is my fault that it is not recognizable. It is taken half way up the crags; a most glorious place for a view. Come, I will show you the very spot."

"I should like that of all things," answered Carlyon, eagerly. "Greycrags has been so well preserved a sanctuary since your father's time, that I have quite forgotten the view from your hill."

She took up the summer hat that lay on the chair beside her, and, with the drawing in her hand, stepped out through the open window on the lawn, which sloped up to the wood-crowned height to southward. Two winding walks, to left and right, led to the top of this hill; and both of them had several little level resting-places, or plateaus, provided with seats either for rest or enjoyment of the extensive prospect afforded from them. On one of these, which commanded the windows of the drawing-room they had just left, Richard Crawford was seated reading, or, at least, with a book in his hand. He did not seem to observe Carlyon and his cousin. He had taken up his position on the left hand walk; and when the point was reached where the two diverged, Agnes, after a moment's hesitation, took the other.

That, certainly, was a fair spot from which the good folks of Mellor had been shut out by Mr. Crawford's veto years ago. Art and nature seemed to have vied with one another in adorning the scene. The luxuriance of the wilderness predominated; for Mr. Crawford's out-door establishment was scarcely sufficient to keep in order such extensive grounds; but still the lawn on which you looked down at every turn of the shady zigzag, was kept smooth and shaven, and the flower-beds in their emerald setting glowed with harmonious hues. A terrace-walk—now diminished to a strip of gravel—ran round the house, and this was set with urns full of scarlet blossom. As they moved higher, above the level of the house-roof, the prospect to the north-west, to which we have alluded, began to expand itself, and for the spectators an alcove had been erected at the most eligible point of view.

"This is the place from which I took this drawing, Mr. Carlyon," said Agnes; "and I think you owe me an apology for mistaking Windy Scar, yonder, for Cold Harbor Dod, whose hump, I flatter myself, I have represented with great fidelity. I have always been taught to prefer truth to beauty, independently of the fact that the former is always attainable, and the latter not."

"The poet tells us they are the same," answered Carlyon, 'Beauty is truth—truth beauty;' and when I look at your face, Miss Crawford, I do believe him."

"Mr. Carlyon, I am not used to listen to compliments," said Agnes, rising from the bench with quiet dignity; "and, to tell you the truth—or the beauty, since you say the terms are synonymous—it is a taste which I do not wish to acquire."

"You altogether misconceive my unfortunate observation, dear Miss Crawford," replied Carlyon, humbly; "but pray sit down. I will take care not to offend again, even in appearance. You make light of my poet's dogma, it appears; I hope you do not flout at *all* bards, as Meg—that is Mrs. Newman—does. A painter like yourself should surely be on friendly terms with the sister-art."

"I like poetry very much, Mr. Carlyon; but I must confess—making all allowance for my own lack of intelligence—that the claims which its admirers often put forth are somewhat extravagant. Poets seem to me to be the most thoughtful and suggestive of writers, touching with marvellous skill the innermost chords of our being; but as high-priests of our spiritual life I do not recognize their authority."

"You do not believe in the inspiration of the muse, then?"

"Yes I do; but not in the same sense in which I believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures."

"Plenary?" asked Mr. Carlyon, smiling. "You surely don't believe, with Mr. Job Salver, that the Bible was dropped from Heaven in a lump, and in the vulgar tongue?"

"Oh, sir, I am an ignorant girl, and know nothing of what you hint at. But this I know, that when folks want comfort on their sick-beds, they only get it from one book."

"You are speaking of uneducated, simple people, such as you find about here."

"Yes; or in other words, of about nineteen-twentieths of our fellow creatures. Of the other twentieth—the educated classes—about one-twentieth again, perhaps, have really any genuine poetic feeling. Thus the influence of the poets, however powerful, is restricted within very narrow limits. It is idle to speak of them as supplying the spiritual place of those inspired writers who address themselves to every degree of mankind."

"My dear Miss Crawford," returned Carlyon, laughing, "if it be possible that Doctor Samuel Johnson has been permitted to reappear upon the earth's surface in the form of a fair lady, she is certainly before me now. You make me believe in the doctrine of metempsychosis."

"I wish I could make you believe in something better and truer," returned the young girl, gravely.

"Well, try. I should like you to have as good an opinion of me as you have of William Millet."

"Nay, sir, but that is impossible."

"Dear me," quoth Carlyon; "why this is worse measure than I should get from Mr. Puce himself. Surely he would estimate the Squire of Mellor above a cockler's son."

"Do you suppose, Mr. Carlyon, that God Almighty, who made the whole world, and ten thousand other worlds for all we know, cares whether a man is a king or a cockler?"

"No, Miss Crawford; nor, indeed, do I care, either. You are wasting your energies in preaching equality to one of 'the Mountain' like me."

"And yet I see a pride in this very humility of yours, Mr. Carlyon. Every man is equal, you say. You bend to no one, and you wish the humblest to treat you as man with man. And yet you are aware of your own superiority to the rest. When you rode down yesterday into the jaws of death—"

"Into the mouth of hell," interrupted Carlyon, finishing the quotation.

"Nay, I do not say that; God in His mercy forbid!" continued Agnes, fervently; "but when you saw yourself to be the only man of all that concourse upon the shore who would peril his life to save that of others, you must have known that you were braver, nobler, more generous than other men. Oh, sir, it is not well, I know, to say such things to your face; I see it embarrasses your nature to hear them; yet it is my duty to speak. Courage is good; but that is not courage which in the favored servant leads him to defy his master to whose forbearance he is indebted; that is not courage, but an ungrateful audacity, which moves a man to defy his God."

"Miss Crawford," returned Carlyon, slowly, "I thank you. I am not so wilfully blind but that I can perceive you mean to do me a good service. We will talk of these things some other time together, as procrastinating Festus said to Paul. My visit to Greycrags has already been inconveniently long; in remembrance of it, however—especially of this interview—may I beg for that chalk drawing, that admirable half-length of my old friend, Cold Harbor Dod. Come, or else I shall think you vexed because your eloquence has not converted me upon the instant. You know it is quite the custom for those who would gain spiritual proselytes to bestow material advantages. 'Come to church, and you will get coals and blankets at Christmas,' says Mr. Puce to the disciples of Job Salver."

"As you will," said Agnes, sighing; "you are very welcome to my poor drawing, sir."

Her cheeks were pale, the light which had glowed in her earnest eyes awhile ago had quite gone out. Carlyon, on the other hand, looked flushed and pleased. He rolled up the little sketch with tenderest care, and placed it in his breast pocket.

"I will make a frame for it with my own hands," cried he, joyfully; "no carver and gilder shall touch it. Like the good old emperor of old, you may say to yourself, Miss Crawford, that you have not misspent this day, since you have made a fellow creature happy."

Agnes did not reply. Slowly, and in a silence broken only by one or two conventional phrases, the two descended the hill. Richard had deserted his bench, and was nowhere to be seen. When they reached the drawing-room, and the horse had been ordered to be brought round,—

"I must go out and see Red Barbd!" exclaimed Agnes.

"Ah, do so," said Carlyon; "although he never looks so well, so powerful, and yet so gentle, as when he is carrying a lady."

So she went out to where the noble creature stood, pawing the gravel, and patted his arching neck approvingly, and whispered in his pricking ears how grateful she felt to him.

"On Thursday we shall see you at dinner, Mr. Carlyon," were her last words.

"Without fail," answered he, with a warmth that contrasted with her quiet tones; and so they shook hands and parted.

Rapt in happy thought, and ever and anon touching his breast pocket as though to assure himself that his treasure was safe, Carlyon rode slowly away; and when he and his steed had come to a retired part of the road, and out of eyeshot of the house, he leaned forward and kissed that neck upon which Agnes Crawford's hand had lingered so lovingly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1867.

NOTICE.—We do not return rejected manuscripts, unless they come from our regular correspondents. Any postage stamps sent for such return will be confiscated. We will not be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

OUR NOVELETS.

We commenced on July 27th, a new and fascinating novelet, called

CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd."

Our readers who remember that powerful and peculiar story, "Lost Sir Massingberd," will need no persuasion to induce them to read "Carlyon's Year"—the interest of which, they will perceive, commences in the very first chapter.

Back numbers to May 4th, containing the whole of the powerful novelet of "LORD ULSWATER," can be had upon application.

We can also supply a few back numbers to the first of the year.

THE CHOLERA.

While unripe fruits should not be eaten at any time, unless prepared by cooking, it is a great mistake to suppose that the way to avoid cholera is by abstinence from good, sound fruits and vegetables.

So far is this from being the case, that such abstinence generally results in costiveness first, and the opposite extreme afterwards.

Some physicians hold that thus diarrhœas and dysenteries are often scorbutic in their character—the results of a diet in which vegetables, berries and fruits have not had their proper share.

A correspondent of the *Daily Press* of this city, gives his experience in the army as follows:

"During the war thousands of soldiers cured themselves of diarrhœa, when the surgeons were completely baffled, by eating very freely of fresh well-fried beef, seasoned well while cooking with pepper and salt.

"At other times, and at proper seasons, *green corn, well roasted, would cure them. Plenty of green apples, or any fruit, would bring sure relief.* The demands of nature were the law in those cases, the diet and exposure of the soldier being peculiar and different from home fare, where such remedies would not be apt to be so beneficial. It is important for all people to remember that the natural appetite, keenly manifested, generally guides to some article of food that will bring relief in their cases."

The same gentleman also gives the following receipt for diarrhœa:—"Take one teaspoonful of salt, the same of good vinegar, and a tablespoonful of water; mix and drink. It acts like a charm on the system, and even one dose will generally cure obstinate cases of diarrhœa or the first stages of cholera. If the first dose not bring complete relief, repeat the dose, as it is quite harmless. The patient should keep perfectly quiet, a reclining posture being best. In severe cases soak the feet thoroughly in very warm water, chafing them well. Flannel wet with pretty warm vinegar and salt (especially in warm weather) and placed around the loins, wrapping warm flannel over it, is an excellent aid to recovery. Any and everybody can apply these remedies without a physician, running no risk, and will be astonished at the beneficial result. They should be universally known."

In recommending the eating of fruit and vegetables, we do not recommend, be it remembered, the eating of them at improper times, and in immoderate quantities. Three times a day is often enough to eat. Feasting on peaches, watermelons, &c., before going to bed, will not as a general thing be found promotive of health and good digestion.

Eat all you want, but not more than you want, at your regular meals. Enjoy the ripe fruits and the vegetables of the season. Do not take excessive exertion, if you can help it, of body or mind or soul. Be temperate, be moderate, and be cheerful, in all your employments and relaxations. These are the best rules we can give for the summer season.

☞ One of the saddest descriptions one can give of a household is, that the master of it "generally goes out of an evening."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

STEPHEN DANE. By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. This is a book which one will read through swiftly for the plot—and returning, linger lovingly over the many fresh and hopeful philosophies with which the pages abound. It portrays the gradual waking up and unfolding of a man's soul, which, bound down and warped by poverty and circumstance, is yet, root like, vaguely conscious of air and sunshine and keener life somewhere beyond. Hindered and vexed, but with infinite out-reachings, it sends forth first a shoot and then a tendril, and presently works itself up into the perfect day.

"Stephen Dane stood there in the doorway, his eyes wandering riverward. Did you ever experience a curious sensation on looking over a river, that some help would come from the other side, an indistinct but longed-for blessing? That peaceful country, lying in the purple haze of distance, seems like a nearer Heaven, instinct with spiritual life.

"He was glancing over there now, and in a vague way felt this. He did not know what it was he wanted, only the luminous atmosphere floating there on the silver stream, or drifting beyond, up the shadowy slopes, stirred his soul with something intangible, perplexing. For twenty-three years he had vegetated in content. Slept, eaten, worked—that was all. Not loved nor hated, nor struggled nor hoped.

"He was groping about blindly.

"For all the radiance of the sun he could not see. The eyes of the soul are so faint and uncertain at first. But he wanted something that was in the river, in hills beyond, in the spring-tide sky. What was it? He could not tell. Everything was so vague, so unformed within him. It seems an easy thing to say to a blind, groping soul, 'Let there be light;' but we are none of us *Gods*. And just then there was no one to say it to Stephen Dane. So he looked with hungry, longing, unreasoning eyes."

After this waking up of the soul comes a crime—not his own; a mystery, a burden to be borne, a shame to be concealed. Removal to another sphere of action with its consequent opportunities of culture—opportunities eagerly sought for and gained—educates the man to a plane of thought which before seemed inconceivable. An idea long pondered upon is brought to a successful issue, and Stephen Dane stands forth before the world, the inventor of a patent steam apparatus, from which dates a new era in the history of machinery. Flown in upon the man "renown, and power, and friends, and gold"—self-tutored, self-controlled, he arrives at the embodiment of a noble, gracious gentleman.

After months of patient waiting, of generous actions misconstrued, the perfect crown of love, than which he lacks no other blessing, becomes his own.

The book is fresh and noble, pure and true; its moral that in suffering only, is the highest level possible to humanity, the largest life attained.

DOMBEY AND SON. By CHARLES DICKENS. *People's Edition.* With Illustrations by H. K. Browne. *Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.* A glance merely into this work, brings back the mixed feelings of delight and sorrow with which we first read it. Little Paul, Florence, Walter, Edith, Mr. Dombey, Captain Cuttle, Cousin Feenix, Major Bagstock—who that has read of them once, can ever forget them?

MARIE ANTOINETTE AND HER SON. An Historical Novel. By L. MÜHLBACH, author of "Joseph II. and his Court," &c. With Illustrations. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Chestnut street, Phila.

NED NEVINS, THE NEWSBOY: OR, STREET LIFE IN BOSTON. By HENRY MORGAN, (Poor Man's Preacher.) Illustrated. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

SEVEN YEARS OF A SAILOR'S LIFE. By GEORGE EDWARD CLARK. ("Yankee Ned," of Lynn, Mass.) With Nine Illustrations. Engraved from the Author's Sketches. Published by Adams & Co., Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

This is said to be no fiction, but a plain and truthful narrative, written by a sailor, and one whose seven years of service were replete with startling interest. Adopting sea-life when quite young, he sailed for Calcutta, and suddenly found himself, with others, among whom was *Dr.* Rae, of Glasgow, and a French lady, with her daughter and female slave, cast away on the eastern coast of Africa, where they fell into the hands of the *Soumaulies*, one of the most fierce and warlike of the tribes inhabiting that country.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JASON. A Poem. By WILLIAM MORRIS. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila. The London critics speak very highly of Mr. Morris's poem. The *Athenæum* says for instance that "Mr. Morris portrays the spirit, the manners and the localities of the ancient Greeks, as if he had been one of them." The poem is one of 300 pages, and is mainly in the heroic couplet.

DIXIE COOKERY; OR, HOW I MANAGED MY TABLE FOR TWELVE YEARS. A Practical Cook Book for Southern Housekeepers. By Mrs. BARRINGER, of North Carolina. Published by Loring, Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila. Price 50 cents.

THE HALF YEARLY ABSTRACT OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. Published by H. C. Lea, Phila.

THE FIRST BOOK OF PARADISE LOST; IN RHYME. By ROBERT E. CLARK. Published by Johnson & Schaffer, Lynchburg, Virginia. Portions of this versification are well done—but we see no reason for doing it at all. We fear that Mr. Clark will have simply his labor for his pains, unless he may consider self-improvement a sufficient reward. We would not dissuade him however from completing his task, only from publishing any more of his work, unless he can find some publisher who will assume the expense.

BURIED ALIVE. By ALEXANDER DUMAS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

☞ FEMALE SUFFRAGE.—In Michigan the Constitutional Convention has rejected the amendment made by the Committee of the Whole to the article on elections, extending suffrage to women, by a vote of forty-six to twenty-two. It is curious, however, that there should be so many as 22 hen-pecked husbands in the Michigan Convention.

☞ Western newspapers are always great in promising future prosperity for their cities, but the most extensive statement of this kind we have lately seen is that the town of "Fort Scott requires but two things to make it one of the largest cities in the world, and these are buildings and population."

Letter from Paris.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The opening of the great French "Exposition Universelle" took place as announced, the prizes have been awarded, and though the dis and smoke are yet lingering around, there is quiet and light enough perhaps to reply to the natural question, whether it has been a success or a failure? An answer either way may be correct, according to the purpose for which it was actually intended. If for the purpose of *making money* it has doubtless been a success—if for the purpose of advancing science and improving art most probably a failure. In regard to the money making question, it certainly has drawn to Paris many crowned heads, a score of princes and princesses, with dukes and my lords and my ladies in their train, and a large class of people who are never happy but when breathing the same qualified atmosphere. Then, too, it has drawn an immense concourse of people who only regard the Exposition as affording an extraordinary opportunity for acquiring money—the method of accomplishing this end being entirely dependent upon the special views of the individual. Then there are numbers who have visited the Exhibition from the mere love of novelty and excitement; and many really with the purpose of benefiting society by advancing science and art, or obtaining a new idea and making a profitable use of it for themselves as well as others. Then, too, there are numbers who have chosen it as a great means of advertising, and the competition in this respect has been very great; cards of all descriptions, decorated and undecorated, colored, varnished, and gilded have circulated in every direction to let you know where the merchandise is to be obtained and the readiest mode of access, some of them giving in colored lines the route by which from the Exposition you may reach their shops or factories. The Emperor and his wife—the city of Paris from its highest functionary to its poorest ouvrier, indeed all France has worked with untiring exertion to draw "a full house." This effort has undoubtedly produced a great show, and the whole affair instead of what it should have been, has resolved itself into a vast museum or bazaar, in which are to be seen not only iron works and wax works of all kinds, together with stuffed lions and bottled reptiles, but also the living specimens of man and beast—the high dignitaries in place of being confined within bars or under glass cases are moving about, generally, however, surrounded by an ample body guard of sergents de ville, or as we would call them "policemen." Then it is a great spectacle, if only by reason of the people traversing the long aisles and circulating in the grounds, in their motley costumes, from the Arab of the desert to the leg of mutton whiskered Englishman. In many respects it is Barnum's on a grand scale, only in Barnum's the frequenters confine themselves to eating a few pea nuts or oranges, whilst here you can have iced champagne, with turbot or salmon, or a glass of beer or honey cake at your pleasure. It is not known, whether with the other statistics of the Exhibition, we shall ever have those of the beer drunk or meats eaten each day, but the consumption is certainly very great, especially of beer, which at present seems to be the fashionable drink, not only of the persons visiting the Exhibition, but of all Paris. Everywhere the tables of the cafes, the restaurants and traiteurs are surrounded with men and women, richly or plainly dressed, as it may be, with the chopps or bock or glasses of Strasburg, Bavarian, English or Viennoise beer before them. In years past the tables would have presented an array of wine bottles, and wine then was and now is probably as cheap as beer—but beer is in is mode. The Prussians drink beer in a non-vine growing country, and the English also in a non-vine growing country give it the preference. Why is it then that the French in a vine growing country have taken to beer? They certainly have no love for Prussian or Englishmen—perhaps they think that drinking beer may be more conducive to strength, for Prussia and England both produce a grand sum total of nerve and muscle. Strange as it may appear the Americans, always so much abused for their excessive use of strong drinks, are the only people who have a department where you can obtain an excellent unalcoholic drink. Boston enterprise sent to the Exhibition large fountains, from which you can have soda water, with lemon, strawberry or any other syrup almost as good as you can get it in Boston itself or in Philadelphia. These fountains are put up in the usual handsome style, with silver-plated reservoirs, and the cups of silver plate to hold the glass of cold sparkling water—and no better drink can be had in all Paris. But we are wandering from the point which was to resolve whether the Exhibition was a success, and we think that if the object was money-making, then it has most probably been a great success. Two years of preparation and advertising and puffing all over the world, together with the letting out of stalls and booths for the sale of every imaginable article, from a fictitious Turkish cigar or a penny photograph of the Emperor to almost priceless lace and diamonds, must have produced a large sum, which, added to the price of entrance of a franc for each person, the average daily number being about fifty thousand, will no doubt bring up the amount sufficiently to pay all costs and leave a handsome surplus. To these actual receipts should be added the money extracted from the pockets of the visitors by devices of every kind. Here may be mentioned that one of the annoyances of a visit to the Exposition is the assiduity with which many of the exhibitors urge upon you the examination and purchase of their various articles. The words "Universal Museum" or "Bazaar" would have better expressed the thing which has been got up than "Exposition." For example, the English department contains articles of furniture, some of silver, made for their kings long since dead, cups and vases won by racing clubs half a century ago; bronzes and potteries, old armor, war clubs and amulets, belonging to the times of the Celts and ancient Romans; the Countess of Dudley's jewelry, and the Prince of Esterhazy's old clothes garnished with pearls, and a world of things having about as much to do with a legitimate exposition as Prester John's preserved little finger or the preparation of a double-headed calf. The French have also their curiosities and antiquities, and Italy and other nations make the like exhibitions. These things certainly belong rather to a museum than to the manifestation of the present capabilities of a nation. Thus whilst the Exposition may be said as a money-making scheme to have been successful, on the other hand it might perhaps be easily shown that in any other aspect it has been a failure. The last King of the French, Louis Philippe, was always accused of being fond of money, it would be out of place now to consider that question; but the present Emperor certainly is, and he has shown it in the manner in which he leads off in this Exhibition, not sparing even his own child in forming part of the great show. It is not, however, in this only that you can see the love of money peeping out, for it appears all over Paris, and whilst the Emperor is extolled for the princely amounts which have been lavished on the city of Paris since his regime, we must remember that when he came to the throne he was penniless, and but little examination will show that all these improvements have been made with a view of securing his power or making money. The vast and magnificent barracks which he has erected in the different quarters of the city are to gain the love of the soldiery and control the people—the cubical block stone pavements which have been taken up, and mastic and Macadam ones which have been substituted are merely military precautions, as stone blocks are readily torn up and converted into street barricades. Take the Park Monceau as an illustration of this money-making propensity. This property belonged to the Duke of Orleans. Galignani says that "in 1852 it returned to the state." It soon under Napoleon III. became the property of the city; it was then laid out and planted and adorned, until the lots all around it became very desirable, these being part of the same property were parted with at excellent prices; and as the domain becomes less, slice after slice is taken from the park for the like purpose, and how soon the whole may disappear, and the purchasers be disappointed as to their beautiful locations, cannot be told. The same scheme seems to have commenced with the beautiful gardens of the Luxembourg; the same process of absorption has apparently commenced with the great esplanade in front of the Hotel des Invalides—the whole of the Champ de Mars is occupied by the money-making job of the "Exposition Universelle," and the Champs Elysées are fast filling up with restaurants, and ball and concert saloons. But, Mr. Editor, I am writing too much, (more perhaps than you will care to publish, but if you do it is at your service,) and

With best regards,
AU REVOIR.

Dollars, and Dollars.

The new "Dominion of Canada" is exercised because the $ sign was not invented for its special use. A Toronto paper says:—"It is suggested that the letter D be used for dollars in the Dominion instead of $, which is a contraction of the letters U. S. and stands for United States. The adoption of D is urged on the grounds that it is particularly appropriate as being the initial letter of Dominion as well as Dollar, and moreover, that it would show the currency meant without any other distinctive mark. For example, $ would at once convey the idea of United States currency, and D Dominion currency."

Where did the Canadian editor make the novel discovery that $ was a contraction for U. S? It has generally been supposed to stand for the figure 8, and to mean eight reals, which was the value of the Spanish dollar from which our coin was imitated. The two parallel lines were drawn across the "8" to distinguish it from the ordinary numeral.

There is another origin sometimes given to this design, which refers to the old pillar-dollar. There were on that coin two pillars or columns connected by a scroll, and the $ bears a rude resemblance to this device.

But whichever may be the true derivation of the hieroglyph, the New Dominion may dismiss its anxiety on the subject. The sign is not the special "Yankee institution" the Toronto writer fancies, and even though it should continue in use by the reconstructed Canadians, few people will be likely to mistake their silver dollar for our paper one.

☞ The bran which is so carefully sifted out of flour, is rather more nutritious than the fine flour itself. The oily parts of the grain lie mostly near the surface. The less finely bolted flour is undoubtedly more nutritious and wholesome than the finest and whitest samples.

☞ Mr. Dunlap Gay of Boone county, Mo., has a mare, on whose side was a lump about the size of a man's head. A short time since he concluded to have it opened, with a view to its removal, and asked F. C. Brown to perform the operation, which he did. The protuberance being opened was found to contain four black snakes, about a foot long, all alive, and with white heads.

☞ General Grant must have a great deal to say, he has said so little in the course of his life.

☞ It seems that Dr. Cummings made a trifling error in his calculations concerning the total destruction to take place in 1867. In revising this work he found that he had overlooked figures which add something like a quintillion of years to the race which this mundane sphere has to run.

☞ Get too many suits brought for you by the lawyer, and you will get none brought to you by the tailor.

☞ The Boston Post says a Connecticut Yankee made his way from Middletown to Kansas, with only one dollar in his pocket by a systematic plan of getting on trains and allowing himself to be put off again only to take the next one that come along.

☞ An eccentric senior student of Oberlin, Ohio, College, believing that the best full dress is to go wholly naked, divests himself of the encumbrance of clothing at every opportunity. On Monday he took a naked country ramble, and at last accounts his classmates were scouring the country in search of him.

☞ A watch chain company in Rhode Island have invented a chain machine, which is one of the most ingenious and elaborate pieces of work ever devised. This machine takes the bar of gold and transforms it, without noise, to the most delicate and substantial fob and vest patterns.

☞ A correspondent of the Marietta (Ohio) Register tells a queer story of a young gentleman of that neighborhood, who, while indulging in a smoke during a ride with a young lady, accidentally set fire to her dress, and they only put out the fire and saved her life by a resort to some active measures, and a "mud puddle" by the roadside. The young lady, after the conflagration was over, struck a by-path to the house of a friend, where she got a change of clothing.

☞ Jean Ingelow, the celebrated English poetess, is said to be more charming than beautiful—more intellectual than good-looking, is unmarried, and about twenty-eight years of age.

"Call Me Pet Names."

A SKETCH.

Clustering rose vines at the window and half-dropped curtains of rosy color gave a twilight aspect to the room. She's at the piano, thinking herself alone, and singing Mrs. Osgood's delicately voluptuous "Call me pet names, darling," which sounds as if it might be a translation of the summer evening cooing of a turtle dove.

She sang, and he stood listening unseen at the door. She had not heard his entrance, nor his footfall in the carpeted hall, and she sat with her face turned from the door, intent upon her song and its accompaniment.

It had been a rainy evening; she was not looking for visitors, not even for those half-demented members of society volent "devoted lovers;" she was rather *en dishabille*, but—love is blind—and he did not see the dingy wrapper nor the curl papers; he only beheld the white columnar throat, the gracefully-poised head, and drooping shoulders.

Why did she sing that tender lyric in a voice so inarticulate, so smothered?—so different from her usual ringing, operatic tones? Did she feel the emotion with which it is surcharged? was her voice faltering and choked with feeling—she, whom he had been ready to denounce as heartless; who laughed at the empiry of love, and shook her curls defiantly when begged "to be serious?"

Call me pet names, darling—
Call me thy bird.

How smothered and low the words! He would give much to know if there were not tears in her beautiful eyes, and tell-tale color burning upon her cheeks.

There! He was almost sure there was a sob in those last low tones! He crept cautiously over the carpet and paused when her profile was revealed. Heavens and earth! what a spectacle for a doting lover! He saw her remove from her snuff-stained mouth a huge, dirty-looking stick mop, which she swabbed around vigorously in a black bottle, and then reinserting it—covered with snuff—between her lips, went on with her song:—

Call me pet names, darling—
Call me thy flower.

The secret of the smothered tones was revealed—snuff and not stifling emotion! He groaned aloud over the disenchantment. With a scream, the fair snuff-eater started to her feet, overturning the piano-stool and the precious snuff-bottle, and dropping the mop from between her lips. She faced him a moment with staring eyes, curl-papers on end, with amazement and mortification, and a little rivulet of liquid snuff running down from each corner of her mouth; when, with another faint hysterical shriek, the calico wrapper vanished through the doorway, and, picking up his hat, the lover made his way back to his lodgings, "a sadder and a wiser man," and leaving the moon for once uncontemplated, crept to his bed to dream of being daubed with snuff by a gigantic mop in the hands of a Fury in a calico wrapper, with hair "done up" upon hissing vipers. And as she daubed, she screeched in concert with other invisible Furies—

Call me pet names, darling,
Call me thy *tobacco worm*.

The Goldsboro' (North Carolina) News is responsible for the above little sketch.

MAN COMPOSED OF ALL OTHER ANIMALS.—A distinguished German professor recently announced that if one drop of human blood was placed under a microscope capable of magnifying it twenty million times larger, it would show all the kinds of animals that ever have existed, or now exist, on the earth. In the blood of a healthy person the animals are quiet; in that of a sick person they fight. From this he draws the conclusion that man has within him all the elements from which the universe was created. He further says, that if a dead cat was flung in a pool of water and left to decompose, the drops of water would show, when under a microscope, all the animals belonging to the cat species.

FARO.—The World says that in New York reside about four hundred and fifty men who earn their livelihood solely by decoying fools to faro. On the average, the ropers-in of the metropolis earn about thirty dollars per week each, or to speak accurately, about sixteen hundred dollars per annum. Some weeks a professional may clear many hundreds of dollars, again for weeks he may receive no commissions whatever; but computing the losses and gains of the seasons, his yearly profits may be estimated at the figures just given. A circus actor, a heavy outside operator, recently enticed forty-two hundred dollars from the pockets of a countryman into the coffers of a faro bank up town.

INSULTING MESSAGES.—A short time back an acrimonious spirit sprang up between the staffs of the electric telegraph employees of London and Paris, which, at length, grew to such a pitch as to threaten to impede the transmission of dispatches. When business was slack the clerks would address each other in terms of not the most polite nature, and more than once did they express the regret that man had not been blessed with longer legs, so that they might give their opponent a good kicking. The matter was at length taken up by the French Government authorities, who dismissed the more disorderly portion of the staff.

LIBERALITY.—Many measure their charities by a peculiar standard. A man who has but a dollar in his pocket would give a penny for almost any purpose. If he had a hundred dollars, he might give one dollar. Carry it higher and there is a falling off. One hundred dollars would be considered too large a sum for him who has ten thousand, while a present of one thousand dollars would be deemed a miracle for a man worth one hundred thousand, yet the proportion is the same throughout, and the poor man's penny, the widow's mite, is more than the rich man's high sounding, and widely trumpted benefaction.

☞ Thackeray speaks of a place in Ireland where the sense of elegance was so keen that the servants brought up the coals for the parlor grate on a clean plate.

☞ The following is one of the last puzzles:—

O
BED.

Explanation.—A darkey (dark-e) in bed with nothing (O) over it.

Dumb Dogs.

The following curious fact in natural history occurs in a letter from the Mauritius to Professor Bell of King's College, London: In coming from Lechilles hither we touched at Joan de Nova, where I had an opportunity of seeing, for the first time, an island of purely coral formation. It is of a horse-shoe shape, about twenty-one miles long, and from a half to three quarters of a mile broad, with extensive reefs around it abounding with turtle. Dogs of different kinds have been left there from time to time, and finding abundance of food in the turtle eggs, young turtle, and sea-fowl, have multiplied prodigiously, so that there are now some thousands of them. I can testify from personal observation that they drink salt water, and they have *entirely lost the faculty of barking*. Some of them which have been in captivity for several months, had not yet lost their wild looks and habits; nor had they any inclination for the company of other dogs, nor did they acquire their voice. You may perhaps have heard of this before; if so, my notice will confirm your knowledge; if not, I hope the fact, as being of my own ocular demonstration, will prove interesting. On the island the dogs congregate in vast packs, and catch sea bird with as much adroitness as forces could display. They dig up the turtle eggs, and frequently quarrel over their booty. The greater part of them drop their tails like wolves, but many carry them curled over their backs. They appear to consist of spaniel, terrier, Newfoundland and hound, in various degrees of mixtures, and are of all colors except pure white or brindled.

"I once had money and a friend
On both I set great store.
I lent my money to my friend,
And took his word therefor.

"I asked my money of my friend
And nought but words I got.
I lost my money and my friend,
For me him I would not.

"If I had money and a friend
As once I had before;
I'd keep my money and my friend,
And play the fool no more."

☞ An interesting little girl, about three years of age, daughter of L. L. Ellis, of Troy, died yesterday. About a week ago she swallowed a nickel penny. A physician was immediately called, and all the known remedies were applied without effect.

☞ A new monastery is to be erected at Dubuque, and the Herald of that city says: "The building is to be of stone, now being quarried, and when finished will be the most magnificent and imposing building in the state. Its dimensions will be equal to a block of buildings in the city, with side walls forty feet high, and on the church a tower 200 feet high. In the centre of the building will be a court square of 100 feet. The designs, if carried out, will give Dubuque a monastery something like the grand old structures of Italy."

☞ RICE.—In some parts of Missouri the people are beginning to cultivate rice in the woods without clearing off the trees, and, in fact, without deadening them. The dead leaves are turned under with a bull-tongue plough, wherever it is practicable to do so, and the rice planted. Fair crops are raised in this way.

☞ The Davenports are out-rivalled by a new wizard in England, who not only shuts himself up in a box, but gets out without opening the door, and he does not claim that it is done by spiritual assistance.

☞ During the year 1865, a lady wrote from England to the Secretary of War a letter as follows: "*Mr. Secretary of War, Washington, U. S.*—Will you please have your clerk send me a list of the names of all the men who have been killed or wounded in the war in your country, so that I can see if my son, John Smith, is among them?"

☞ A contribution box which was circulated in a church in this city, on a recent Sunday, was the recipient of a bunch of first-class cigars. The donor, on being spoken to for so singular a contribution, replied that as the pastor was particularly fond of smoking, he presumed the cigars would be acceptable. They were not returned.

☞ There is a place near Boston usually regarded as in rather a decaying condition. A gentleman spending the summer there recently said to a visitor: "I don't know what people mean by calling H—— a slow town. I hire this house of a man who has gone West on a wedding tour. He is eighty-seven years old, and his bride is the second wife he has had since he was eighty."

☞ Baron Platt, when once visiting a penal institution, inspected the treadmill with the rest, and being practically disposed, the learned judge philanthropically trusted himself on the treadmill, desiring the warden to set it in motion. The machine was accordingly adjusted, and his lordship began to lift his feet. In a few minutes, he had quite enough of it, and called to be released; but this was not so easy. "Please, my lord," said the man, "you can't get off. It's set for twenty minutes; that's the shortest time we can make it go." So the judge was in durance until his "term" expired.

☞ Gail Hamilton says "a bottle of brandy makes an excellent travelling companion, if your principles and habits are good." Gail is right. It is difficult for people who have been used to living in soft-water districts to get along in the West without something of the kind. Though you might as well get whiskey at once, as get it under the name of brandy at three times the price.

☞ COMMON TABLE-SALT.—It is certainly a curious chemical fact that the substances required to form this article are both of them poisonous—chlorine and sodium. No one can use either of these articles separately with safety, and yet combine them together and they form a substance necessary to health, and one found upon every table.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

☞ D—— was a bold, wicked man on dry land. Crossing the ocean once, the ship was caught in the midst of a fearful storm. D—— was terribly frightened and was seen to go down upon his knees, and with uplifted hand, heard to utter the following: "Oh, Lord! forty-one years have I lived and never asked a favor! Oh, Lord! just set my feet on dry land, and I will never ask another!"

☞ The Detroit Advertiser gives four reasons for the present hostile attitude of the Indians. First, the Chivington massacre; second, the burning of the Cheyenne village by General Hancock; third, the establishment of military posts, contrary to treaty obligations, in the best of their hunting grounds; and, fourth, General Sherman's threat of extermination.

Deaths by Lightning.

But few people are aware of the number of deaths occasioned by lightning, and a few words in relation to it may not prove amiss at this season.

It is said that if lightning falls on a crowd, it does more mischief among the men than among the women, the taller persons being most exposed. Again, animals are frequently stricken, while the persons in charge of them are spared. The old idea that the beech tree is a protection, is a fatal error—the neighborhood of all isolated trees being dangerous, like that of all highly projecting objects, except when they are in metallic connection with the soil. Railroads and telegraph wires are protectors, in so far as they are able to absorb and convey considerable amounts of electricity. Every locomotive does this unperceived—its metallic mass being an excellent conductor. Walking along the railroad track where it runs through a country without trees is as dangerous as taking shelter under a tall tree. That windows are dangerous is believed to be an error, for experience does not show that lightning strikes through open windows or follows a draft of air.

☞ The mind of the bigot is like the pupil of the eye: the more light you pour upon it the more it contracts.

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactory as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken internally according to directions, PAIN, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CRAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. marS-eowtf

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT are guaranteed to cure the very worst cases of bronchial disease. This is no idle statement. Sufferers, take heed ere it is too late—your bronchial affection may soon be a settled consumption. Factory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. WILLIAM D. ANDERSON to Miss MARY A. GRAY, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, D. D., Mr JOHN MCINTYRE to Miss NANCY MCLEAN, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. A. Atwood, SAMUEL CHEES, Jr., Esq., to Miss MADALINE TRUEWANGER, both of this city.

On the 31st of July, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. WILLIAM DILL to Miss MARY E. LANE, daughter of John S. Lane, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr JAMES D. WHARTON to Miss ANNA M. OAR, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. George A. Durborow, Mr. EDWARD SHOWER to Miss ANNA STOUFFENBURG, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th instant, MRS. CHARLOTTE CARTWELL, in her 32d year.

On the 11th instant, SOLOMON ZIEGLER, aged 44 years.

On the 12th instant, ALEXANDER MCCABE, in his 75th year.

On the 11th instant, Mr. MATTHIAS CANTWELL, in his 56th year.

On the 12th instant, SUSANNA, widow of the late Geo. W. Eakins, in her 73d year.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH H. WARNER, in her 80th year.

On the 11th instant, CHARLES R. ROBERTS, in his 21st year.

On the 10th instant, CHARLES M. YOUNG, aged 43 years.

On the 10th instant, HENRY ANDERSON, in his 30th year.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been very dull; sales 2500 bbls at $7,25 to 8 for superfine, $8,50@10,50 for old stock and fresh ground extra, $10@11,50 for old stock and fresh ground Penna and Ohio family, $10@11,50 for low grade and fancy Northwest family, and $13@14,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour is selling in a small way at $7,25@8,25 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—There has been very little demand for Wheat. About 25,000 bus new Penna and Southern red sold at $2,25@2 30 for fair to good; $2,31@2,36 for prime; $2,38@2 40 for choice and 2000 bus Kentucky white at $2,61@2,65 ₩ bus, according to quality. Rye; 2500 bus sold at $1,30@1,33 for new, and $1,40@1,43 ₩ bus for old. Corn; 55,000 bus sold at $1 20@1,24 for prime yellow, and $1,16@1,18 for Western mixed. Oats; about 40,000 bus sold in lots at from 73@76c for new, and 82@86c ₩ bus for old.

PROVISIONS are held firmly. Pork is held at $24 75 to 25 for mess and $21 for prime. City packed mess Beef sells at $27,50 to 28, plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 20 to 22c, and pickled do at 17 to 18c. Shoulders in salt are offered at 12c. Lard—Sales of tes and bbls at 12½@13½c, and kegs at 14½@15c. Butter—Old is held at 5@10c, and new at 12@16c. Cheese has been in limited inquiry at 11@15c. Eggs sell at 18@20c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been quiet. About 600 bales of middlings sold in lots at from 28@28½c for Uplands, and 29@29½c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—25 hhds of 1st No. 1 Quercitron sold at $43 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Small sales at 41@43c for yellow.

COAL—Sales at $4@4,25 ₩ ton for white ash; $4,50@4,75 for red ash; $3,10@4,15 for Locust Mountain, and $3,25 for Lehigh broken and prepared.

FEATHERS—Western sell at 60@65c for fair and choice lots.

FRUIT—Dried Apples are selling at 6@7c for Penna, and 6½@7c for western. Dried Peaches—Sales of quarters at 9c, and halves at 10½c ₩ lb. Green Peaches are arriving and selling freely at from 40c up to $1,75 ₩ basket.

IRON—Foundry Iron is in fair demand; small sales at $44 for No 1; $39@40 for No 2; and $35@36 for forge. Scotch Pig is quoted at $42@45.

SEEDS—Small sales of Cloverseed are reported at $8 50@9 ₩ bus. Timothy—200 bus sold at $3@3 25 ₩ bus. Flaxseed sells on arrival at $2,75@2 80 ₩ bus.

TALLOW—Small sales are reported at 11½@11½c, for city rendered, and 10½@11c ₩ lb for country.

WOOL—There is rather more doing. About 130,000 pounds sold at from 34@37c for extra; 34@35c for fine; 37@41c for medium; 42@43c for coarse; 30@32c for unwashed; 45@53c for tub, and 36@37c ₩ lb for No. 1 Western pulled, according to quality.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Unequalled Inducements.

Beautiful Premium Engraving.

The proprietors of the "oldest and best of the weeklies" offer unequalled inducements to those who mean the labor of making up clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

A large and beautiful steel line engraving, 26 inches long by 20 inches wide, possessing all the softness and peculiar charm of Mezzotint, called

"One of Life's Happy Hours,"

will be sent *gratis* to every single ($2.50) subscriber, and to every person sending on a club. The great expense of this Premium will, we trust, be compensated by a large increase of our subscription list.

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources, &c., &c., &c.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (with the large Premium Engraving)		$2.50
1 copy of The Post and 1 of The Lady's Friend and *one* engraving,		4.00
CLUBS.		
2 copies		$4.00
4 "		6.00
5 "	(and one to getter-up of club)	8.00
8 "	" " "	12.00
14 "	" " "	20.00
20 "	" " "	28.00

A copy of the large and beautiful Premium Engraving ("One of Life's Happy Hours") WILL BE SENT TO EVERY ONE SENDING ON A CLUB. The sender of a club of five and over, will of course get the engraving in addition to his paper.

☞ Any member of a club wishing the engraving must remit *one dollar extra*.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* extra, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The contents of The Post and of The Lady's Friend will always be entirely different.

OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We still continue our offer of a Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Sewing Machine, such as Wheeler & Wilson sell for $55.00, to any one sending on a list of 20 subscribers at $2.50 each. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars (that is, ten dollars *in addition* to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted. Every subscriber on the above Premium lists will receive, in addition to his magazine or paper, a copy of the large Premium engraving, "One of Life's Happy Hours." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they remit one dollar extra for it.

THE PAPERS OR MAGAZINES will be sent to different Post-Offices when desired.

REMITTANCES.—In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen copies will be sent postpaid on the receipt of *five cents*.

THE HARBOR.

A roaring wind blew out of the South,
That dashed the foam against the rocks;
The white caps danced on the harbor's mouth,
The gulls flew by in screaming flocks;
But never a storm-cloud darkened the sky,
The waves flashed bright in the sinking sun;
And the wind that roared to the sea-bird's cry
Was as gay as youth with its race to run.

White sails were glancing near and far,
And some their journey had just begun;
And some came home to the harbor-bar
From the coral islands of the sun;
Some from the spicy Indian gales—
Some from the icy Arctic breeze;
These tell of battles with mighty whales
In the desolate waste of the Polar seas.

What strange, rare things bring you home to show,
Oh! sailor lad, from the palm-crowned heights?
What from the swart little Esqu'maux,
Under the arch of the Northern Lights?
What gems do you bring, my sailor man,
From the elephant-trodden Indian shore?
What quaint devices from far Japan?
What radiant shells from Singapore?

And you have been to those shining shores
Of endless spring, oh! gallant bark;
And you, where the Arctic tempest roars,
From out the dread half-year of dark!
And to one who sailed from this harbor-bar
'Twas given to reach that mythic goal,
The sea that is under the Northern Star
And rolls in mystery round the Pole.

Many and strange are the thoughts you bring,
Oh! beautiful, mysterious ships!
My heart goes out on the sea-birds' wing,
But even its utterance dies on its lips.
The sea of thought is a boundless sea—
Its brightest gems are not thrown on the beach;
The waves that would tell of the mystery
Die and fall on the shore of speech.

☞ The following anecdote is from New Orleans:—"A passenger got into one of the street cars and began to smoke. The driver objected, saying this was among the forbidden things, and hinting that if he permitted it he would be discharged. 'If so,' said the smoker, 'I'll engage you immediately.'"

THE DREAMY SUMMER-TIME.

The leaves are stilled, the breezes hushed,
Or sing a drowsy number,
And all throughout the silent day
The golden hours slumber.
The ripples idly lapse along
Beneath the moon-tide's gleaming:
Oh, sure the drowsy Summer-time
Was made alone for dreaming.

Within my open window flits
A slumbrous breath of roses,
And in the softly shaded room
Silence itself reposes;
And liquid lustres on the wall
Cool, rippling waves resemble,
As to and fro, with motion slow,
The leafy shadows tremble.

A sense of silence and repose—
Of slow and tranquil motion,
A murmur as of sleeping winds
Upon a sleeping ocean:
And softly o'er my senses steals
A luxury Elysian,
And all delights of drowsy thought
Are mingled in my vision.

Oh chiding voices, wake me not,
Nor turn my rhymes to reason—
For life is mingled work and play,
And each may have its season.
The Winter-time for study's toil,
The Spring for pleasure's scheming,
Autumn for the poet's thought,
And Summer-time for dreaming!

Disadvantages of Infancy.

BY JOHN QUILL.

A friend of mine, who lives in Oldcastle, Del., writes to me in an indignant manner about a thing that he considers "fudge and nonsense." He is a practical man of about forty-eight years; he has also two daughters and the inflammatory rheumatism in his left leg.

In religion he is a ——, and he always votes the Reformed Dutch ticket. Although he is in the hardware business, he says he thinks he would make a good Indian fighter, for he wouldn't scalp well. His head is as bald as a slate roof, and a gentle savage might clutch and grab all over it for a hold, and he couldn't get the very first particle of purchase, because it's so slippery.

But that is neither here nor there, although it is rather more there than here. He writes in regard to a piece of popular folly. Forgive his freedom of style, for he is eccentric, and wherever it seems as if he was just going to swear, but the language bears the appearance of having been altered by me, the gentle reader must reflect that at these points the rheumatism probably gave him a twist and caused him to get up and howl.

"John," says he, "if there's any one thing I'm more disgusted about than another, it is this idea that is going around, that it is a good thing to be young again. Every girl in this town who has got a piano, is banging away at it, morning and night, until you would think they would burst the lids off of the old music boxes, and at the same time bellowing out songs about the advantages of babyhood. 'I would I were a boy again,' sing they, just as if they ever could be boys again, when they never were anything else but girls. 'Rock me to sleep, mother,' 'Give me back my childhood's days,' &c. These are hacked away at until you would actually think it was a good thing to be an infant.

"But it ain't. I'll leave it to any sensible grown person if they would like to go back to the time when they were mewing, squalling, hiccoughing babies? How would you like to be dressed in a frock about a mile too long for you, and have a lot of old rags and one thing and another wrapped around you so you could hardly breathe.

"But ain't that the way they treat babies? Don't you know that they pin your clothes on, and if a pin happens to jab into your flesh at any place, that's the very identical spot some person or other is a going to grab you by and hold on like grim death while you yell?

"And ain't you cognizant of the fact, also, that while you are laying asleep in your cradle, with the flies blistering you and lifting the blood out of the top of your bald head, and you, very probably, writhing with a first-class stomach-ache, just as like as not, your mother is standing over you, and suggesting that the angels are whispering to you, because you happen to forget your agony for a minute and smile?

"That's so, Gus. And then you must be aware of how they stick at you a bottle filled with curds and whey, and with a gum thing on a nozzle, and how you can suck for a week and then the curds won't come through, and you start your music because you don't like that whey of taking your diet?

"And then when they once get your insides crammed full, what do they do? Why, in all human probability, some old hag, who is a friend of the family, drops in and gets her grip on you, and then when you cry because you have the good taste not to admire her style of beauty, she commits ravages on the English language, and jolts you up and down until you have about a pound and a half of garlicky butter inside of you, and you get dyspepsia, because you haven't got gastric juice enough to digest a lot of grease.

"This is what babies have to endure. It is one of the penalties of having been born. Infancy? Why, I tell you I would rather any time be born an old man and live backward, taking the chances of dying in middle life.

"I know, also, the abominable way they have of dragging up your petticoats and setting you on the floor to see if you can walk, while every minute you feel yourself growing bandy-legged, and probably getting deformed for life, with a dead certainty of never getting a pair of pantaloons to set right on you forever afterward.

"It's malice, my boy, malice aforethought, and there is no more use of denying that they do it on purpose, than there is to say that your father don't hate you when he tosses you up and down in the air, and with murder rankling in his heart, tries to commit infanticide by jolting some of your organs out of place or dislocating a joint.

"Any man, my boy, who desires to go back and endure this unutterable agony ain't in his right mind, and he ought to be looked after to see that he don't go around and set fire to the premises.

"As for nurses, I suppose you know what they were designed for, don't you? I suppose you are aware that they kiss you and slobber over you, when your mother is around, and then spank you like the very nation to relieve their pent-up feelings when her back is turned. And they call them dry nurses, too. Dry? I should think they were, for every intelligent infant knows how they take you in and lay you on the pantry shelf, while they go through the rum and old ale, and then breathe on you until you are nearly suffocated and feel like falling in a fit.

"And then don't they strap you in a gig, and take you out and let you cook for hours in the boiling sun, yes, literally cook, I say, and this, without any regard to the fact that they are absent-minded, and just as like as not, when they get you home, let you hang for an hour or more by one leg until your head begins to swell with apoplexy.

"Want to be a baby again, do you, and would like your mother to rock you to sleep? I should think so. And she used to do it, didn't she? In your second summer, for instance, when you were cutting your teeth, and had *cholera infantum* on you so strong that you thought you would die. Did she rock you to sleep, then? Not much. I reckon the old man used to get out of bed in his night-shirt and growl savagely as he picked you up like he would any old piece of carrion, and kept the wrong hold on you while he walked you up and down, and then when you wouldn't keep quiet, instead of rocking you to sleep, he went and got down a bottle of some soothing poison, and endeavored to kill you off with a teaspoonful.

"You may say what you please, but it ain't in human nature to like that sort of thing. No man wants to go back to any such first principles as that. An inscrutable Providence has ordained that you can't be born at the age of twenty-one. You have to be a baby, whether you want to or not, and it's all very well to put up with it and to endure it with Christian resignation, but to want to be a baby again is all drivelling nonsense, and the people who are anxious about it ought to be fed on pap or compelled to suck a bottle for their daily bread, until they get cured of their folly."

Superstitions in Gems.

Mr. Emanuel says the Orientals have long ascribed magic and talismanic powers to gems. "This belief is shared by almost every nation, and even in this country at the present moment is not yet extinct, as many persons wear a turquoise in the belief that it preserves them from contagion."

"In a poem by Orpheus, or, as some suppose, by Cocmocritus, written at least 400 years before the Christian era, the supernatural powers of gems, in which the Greeks had implicit belief, are mentioned. One of their early writers ascribed to rock-crystal the power of producing the sacred fire used in the Eleusinian mysteries; it was laid upon chips of wood in the sun, when first smoke and then flame was produced, and this fire was supposed to be most grateful to the gods." This seems to refer to the use of burning-glasses or lenses. Albertus Magnus ascribes this power to the crystal, and adds that if honey be added the product will be milk!

Mr. Emanuel thinks the notion of zodiacal stones was connected with the twelve stones in the breastplate of the Jewish high priest.

"Gems were supposed to indicate the state of health of the donor or possessor. If they became dull, he was conjectured to be unwell or in danger; and their becoming opaque or colorless would give rise to the most dismal forebodings. The turquoise was conceived to have an affinity with its possessor or master, and to change in color as his state of health altered. The fact that some turquoises do change their color may have given rise to this superstition; the real cause of their variation seems to arise from the difference of temperature and state of the weather."

"Seraplus ascribes to the diamond the power of driving away *lemures, incubi*, and *succubi*, and of making men courageous and magnanimous; and says that if the gem is placed with a loadstone it nullifies its power."

According to Boetius the ruby is a sovereign remedy against the plague and poison; it also drives away evil spirits and bad dreams.

The jacinth, if worn on the finger, procures sleep, and brings riches, honor, and wisdom.

The amethyst dispels drunkenness, and sharpens the wit.

The balas ruby restrains passion and fiery wrath, and is a preservative from lightning.

The emerald discovered false witnesses by suffering alteration when it met with such persons.

The sapphire procured favor with princes, and freed the wearer from enchantments.

The chrysolite cooled boiling water and assuaged wrath, and, if placed with poison, lost its brilliancy till removed.

Some gems were used for medicinal purposes powdered, and were supposed sovereign in their effects. Even now immense quantities of seed pearl are used in China and the East for various purposes.

In one curious work lapis lazuli is prescribed as a laxative. Another prescribes coral in powder for newly-born children.

Natives of India imagine that when diamond powder is taken into the mouth it causes the teeth to fall out. Also it acts as a preservative against lightning.

The carbuncle is efficacious against venom and poison.

The chalcedony is efficacious against sorrow and fear.

The chrysolite is a remedy against melancholy.

The agate is good against deadly poisons, and is believed to give prudence and eloquence.

The turquoise refreshes the eyes and heart.

The cornelian sharpens the intellect, makes men cheerful, and stops bleeding at the nose.

Some stones are supposed to give light in the dark.

The Vedas mentions a place lighted by rubies and diamonds.

I will add to the preceding jottings the following *résumé* of mediæval advice upon the subject. If it has no other value, it has that of curiosity, as a record of once popular notions:

If you wish to cause sorrow, fear, and terrible fancies and conflicts, take the stone which is called onyx; and if it be hung round the neck it immediately causes sorrow and fear in a man, and even in sleep it produces terrible fancies and conflicts. And this has been proved among the moderns.

If you wish that boiling water should go out of your hand as soon as it is put in it, take the stone which is called topaz.

If you wish to conquer your enemies, take the stone which is called adamant, which is of a glittering color and very hard, so that it cannot be broken except by goat's blood. If it be fastened to your left side it prevails against enemies and madness, and wild and untamed and poisonous animals and furious men, and against strife and quarrel, and against poison and the assaults of fantasms; and some call it the diamond.

If you wish to avoid perils and to conquer all earthly things and to have strength of heart, take the stone which is called agate. It enables you to avoid perils, and confers strength of heart, and makes a man powerful, complacent, agreeable, acceptable, and helps against all adversities.

If you wish to have a good understanding and to be unable to become intoxicated, take the stone called amethyst. It avails against intoxication, and confers good understanding in things that may be known.

If you wish to subdue your enemies and to escape quarrels, take the stone called beryl. Carry it with you, and you will put down all quarrels, cause your enemies to flee, and make your foe gentle.

If you wish to appease tempests and to cross rivers, take the coral. This is found to staunch blood, to take folly from him that bears it, and to give him wisdom, as has been proved by some in our time. And it is of avail against tempests and the perils of rivers.

If you wish to acquire wisdom and to avoid folly, take the chrysolite, which, when placed in gold, removes folly and imparts wisdom.

If you wish to cure melancholy or a quartan ague in any one, take the lapis lazuli. It is certain and proved that it cures melancholy and the quartan ague.

If you wish to sharpen the intellect of anyone, or to increase his wealth, and even to predict future events, take an emerald. It causes him who wears it to have good understanding, confers a good memory, increases his wealth, and if held under the tongue will enable a man to prophesy.

If you wish travellers a safe journey, take the stone called jacinth. If borne upon the finger or the neck it renders travellers safe and agreeable to those that entertain them; it also causes sleep.

If you wish for peace, take a sapphire. It causes peace and concord, and renders the mind pure and devout towards God, strengthens the mind in what is good, and calms the inmost soul of man.

LAPIDARIUS.

On Sleep.

No person who passes only eight hours in bed can be said to "waste his time in sleep." According to Gorget, a woman should sleep a couple of hours longer than a man. For the latter he allows six or seven hours, for the former, eight or nine. It is certain that strength or energy of brain will, when aided by custom, modify the faculty of controlling the disposition to slumber. Frederick the Great, and Hunter the great surgeon, slept only five hours in the twenty-four, while Napoleon seemed to exert a despotic power over sleep and waking, even amid the roar of artillery. An engineer has been known to fall asleep within a boiler, while his fellows were beating on the outside with their ponderous hammers; and the repose of a miller is not incommoded by the noise of his mill. Sound ceases to be a stimulus to such men, and what would have proved an inexpressible annoyance to others, is to them altogether unheeded. It is common for carriers to sleep on horseback, and coachmen on their coaches. During the battle of the Nile some boys were so exhausted that they fell asleep on the deck, amid the deafening thunder of that terrible engagement.

The faculty of remaining asleep for a great length of time is possessed by some individuals. Such was the case with Quin, the celebrated player, who could slumber for twenty-four hours successively; with Elizabeth Orvin, who spent three-fourths of her time in sleep; with Elizabeth Perkins, who slept a week or a fortnight at a time; with Mary Lyall, who did the same for successive weeks, and with many others more or less remarkable. In Bowyer's *Life of Beattie*, a curious anecdote is related to Dr. Reid, viz: That he could take as much food and immediately as much sleep as were sufficient for two days. The celebrated Gen. Elliott never slept more than four hours out of the twenty-four. In all other respects he was strikingly abstinent; his food consisting wholly of bread, water, and vegetables. In a letter communicated to Sir John Sinclair, by John Gordon of Swiny, Caithness, mention is made of a person named James Mackay, of Sherry, who died in Strathnaver, in the year 1797, aged ninety-one; he only slept on an average, four hours out of the twenty-four, and was a remarkably robust and healthy man. The celebrated French General Pichegrue informed Sir Richard Blane that during his whole year's campaign he had not above one hour's sleep in the twenty-four. Maciah knew a lady who had never slept above an hour at a time, and the whole period of whose sleep did not exceed over three or four hours in the twenty-four; and yet she enjoyed excellent health.

Mrs. Blue.

Mrs. Blue is an unhappy woman. Life to her is a barren desert, containing nothing but sands of unhappiness. Out of little troubles she forms mountains of evils; and every moment of happiness is considered a forerunner of some great calamity. I have seen her go into hysterics over a bleeding nose, and cry for hours over a cut finger, fearing it would produce the lockjaw. If Blue attempts a joke she thinks him intoxicated, and forthwith bemoans the manhood of her husband and preaches unto him a sermon of morals, interlarded with her own hardships and trials. Her friends have ceased to visit her, leaving her to brood over her troubles alone and undisturbed. Poor Mrs. Blue! I pity her, but her husband more.

Now there are a great many Mrs. Blues in this land of ours, who go through life a dissatisfied, miserable and despised crowd. And, in their eager grasp after the thistles of life, they never observe or think of the beautiful flowers of happiness that grow beneath the thistles' shade. The sweet smile of innocent childhood and the approving words of old age are unknown to them. They "have cast their lives upon a cast," and think they "must stand the hazard of the die." The cast is the suppression of all that is good and noble in their nature, and the die is a life of misery and unmourned death.

☞ A couple of sisters had to be told everything together, for they were so much alike that they couldn't be told apart.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF DREAMS.

"Ancient history is full of such narratives, and there seems no reason why that which happened to Hamilcar should not happen to Marshal Junot, and *vice versa*."

"You allude, I suppose," said my friend, "to the dream which Hamilcar had while besieging Syracuse; he heard a voice in the air calling out to him that that night he should sup in Syracuse. Looking on this as presaging good fortune, he made up his mind that he should that day take the city, and encouraged his soldiers accordingly; but it so happened that the besieged made a sally, and in the contest Hamilcar himself was taken prisoner, and did that night sup in Carthage, though not, as he expected, in the capacity of a conqueror. I remember this story in Valerius Maximus, but I do not recollect anything of the kind happening to Junot, who was, if I mistake not, a desperate unbeliever."

"He was not, I believe, particularly devout; but his wife tells this story about him. The evening before the battle of Sonata, Junot retired to rest extremely fatigued. Hardly was he asleep when he dreamed that he was on the field of battle, surrounded by the dead and the dying. Before him was an armed horseman, with whom he was engaged in combat; but instead of a lance he carried a scythe, with which he struck Junot several blows, especially one on the left temple. At last the visor of the horseman fell off, and Junot saw that he was fighting with a skeleton. Flinging aside his armor, the figure now stood before the marshal, the recognized image of Death. 'I have,' said he, 'not been able to take you, but I will seize on one of your best friends.' Junot awoke in a cold perspiration; he feared for either Marmont or Muiron, who would be with him in the coming engagement. His fears were well founded. Junot received two wounds, the marks of which he bore to the grave—one on the breast, the other on the left temple—but Muiron was shot through the heart."—*Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes*, vol. I., p. 270.

"A very curious and very interesting story," said my friend, "and I am much obliged to you for relating it. It may be matched by scores, if not hundreds, of legends of what we call 'the old times,' for the anecdotes of significant dreams scattered through the writings of antiquity are extremely numerous and interesting. Of these, that famous dream related by Cicero holds a distinguished place. Two travellers, Arcadians, slept at Megara, one at an inn, the other at a friend's house; to the latter, in the course of the night, his friend appeared in a dream, entreating him to come and save him from death, for that the landlord was plotting to murder him; but he, not considering the dream as a matter of consequence, slept again, without taking any steps for the rescue of his friend. Scarcely had he again fallen asleep when his friend again appeared, saying that it was now too late to save his life, but that at all events it was possible to avenge his murder. This time the dreamer was aroused, made his way to the inn, and was able to recover the body of his friend and punish the murderer. Again, it is related of Dionysius the Tyrant, that he put to death a person named Maryas, who dreamed of his cutting the tyrant's throat, and foolishly told his dream; for, observed Dionysius, no one would dream of such a subject unless he had contemplated it in his waking hours. This notion was not confined to the Sicilian sovereign. Plato remarked that it would be no ill mode of testing our progress in virtue, to examine the character of our nightly visions. On the other hand, so many dreams are determined by the nature of our food, the state of our digestion, and even the position in which we lie, that we should be hardly warranted to make any very decided conclusion as to our moral character by the nature of our dreams. Fuseli used to sup on raw pork—or at least it is said that this was his practice—with a view to procure those nightmare dreams from which he formed some of his most celebrated pictures."

"To me," said I, "it appears that many dreams have caused their own prediction—such a case is the celebrated dream of the mother of Archbishop Abbott. She dreamed that if she could obtain and eat a pike, she, though a poor woman herself, would become the mother of a great man. She sought everywhere for a pike, for she was already near her confinement, and at last seeing one in some water near her own house at Guildford, she seized it with her hands and ravenously devoured it—not waiting, as it would appear, to have it cooked. The savagery of the act excited attention, and the cause becoming known, several persons of wealth and importance took on themselves the education of the child, kept him at school and college, and watched over his interests till he arrived at distinction."

"The case is curious, but I confess I should demur to calling Abbott a great man, except so far as he was Archbishop of Canterbury. It seems to me that occasionally men of very moderate calibre have occupied that see. What will you say to this story, which is told of no less celebrated a man than Descartes? While at Stockholm in attendance on Christina, the Queen of Sweden, he received a letter from a learned friend at Dijon, in France, who related to him that while searching in vain for a passage from a Greek poet, he had fallen asleep, and dreamed that he was at Stockholm in the royal library there, and on a certain shelf which he described he found a book in which, at a particular page, he found the passage he wanted. As he had never seen Stockholm, and was altogether unacquainted with the library, this dream seemed worthy of examination. He accordingly wrote to Descartes, giving a plan of the library as he saw it in his dream, and indicating the particular shelf and book. Descartes replied with astonishment that the plan was a perfectly correct one—that the book mentioned was exactly in the place pointed out, and that on the page named was found the identical passage required."

"The instance," said I, "is certainly a curious one, and especially on account of its many minute circumstances; but I remember my father relating a dream of his own of a similar nature. He had lost a Bible on which he set a high value, because it had belonged to his mother. After long and diligent search, he gave up the hope of recovering it, when, in a dream, he went into a small dissenting chapel at the east end of London, and being invited into a pew in the gallery, found there his mother's Bible on the book-ledge before him. The next Sunday he went to the chapel in question, was invited by the pew-opener into the gallery-pew he had seen in his dream, and there, as he expected, found his mother's Bible."

SLEEPING IN THE CARS.

The cars were full of passengers,
I can't recall the number,
For I had just awakened from
An unrefreshing slumber—
When a lady, who sat facing me,
Directly met my eye,
But turned away immediately,
And smiled—I know not why.

When youthful folks, who strangers are,
Are seated face to face,
In the silence of a railroad car—
A grave and formal place—
Their wandering eyes will sometimes meet
By some strange fascination,
And they cannot keep their faces straight,
Though dying of vexation.

Simpletons they doubtless are,
Whose mouths are always stretching,
But the guileless mirth of maidens' eyes
And dimpled cheeks are catching.
First she laughed, and then I laughed—
I couldn't say what *at*;
Then she looked grave, and I looked grave,
And then she laughed at *that*.

She endeavored to repress her mirth,
But couldn't hold it half in,
For, with face concealed behind a book,
She almost died a laughing.
She pouted when she found her lips
Determined on a smile,
But 'twas very plain the pretty rogue
Was laughing all the while.

Thus happily the moments flew
To me, at least, of course,
Though when she saw me smiling too,
It made the matter worse.
And when, at last, I left the car,
I caught her laughing eye,
And had one more good grin before
I tore myself away.

"Mine inn" I sought in saddened mood,
And with feelings of regret;
Those brilliant eyes, I felt assured,
I never could forget.
And when arrived, valise in hand,
I paused—I can't tell why—
Before a mirror on a stand,
And gazed with curious eye.

My cravat was turned half round or more,
And shocked was I to find
That my hat was badly jammed before,
And rim turned up behind!
Then while in haste my room I sought,
I swore by all the stars,
That I would not again be caught
A napping in the cars!

LORD ULSWATER.

CHAPTER LIV.

IN MILL LANE.

The white threads of cloud that had spanned the violet sky, and at which James Sark had gazed from the steamer's deck as he went confidently up the river to London, had changed their color more than once, as the day died out. From white to pink, from pink to crimson edged with lilac, from crimson to flaming orange, and so to dull copper and deller black, those floating vapor-tissues had varied, stage by stage, till the red sun went down. It was dark night presently, for the autumn twilight did not long struggle against the fog rolling in from the Thames, and the moon was but a pale and broken circlet, a mere thread of lucid gold. It was dark night. Dark in the wide Woolwich Road, where bright gushes of gaslight overflowed the doorways of the public-houses, where fantail burners flared in the windows of the little shops, and where the street-lamps, shone in regular array, each lamp, with a gauzy halo of fog around it. Darker in Abouklr Street, the dispalsers of which were less brilliant, and the intervals between the lighted shop-fronts greater. Darkest in the lanes that branched off, now between rows of gaunt, black wooden palings, with a crown of spikes or vicious-looking crooked nails to defend the crest of the palisades, now with a wall to left and right, and in some cases bordered only by a ragged hedge and deep and slimy ditch. Darkest of all, perhaps, in Mill Lane, where a strongly-built man, to all appearance a sailor, was loitering nearly opposite to the high wooden gate that gave admission to the garden and cottage, late the residence of the dead Dutch gardener, Vanpeerenboom; the same cottage in which the Sarks dwelt. The lounger, in his rough seaman's garments, had been hanging about that neighborhood all day, sometimes in the streets, sometimes traversing the lanes, and occasionally seated close to the red-curtained window of a beer-shop that commanded a view of Mill Lane, or rather of the end of that dismal thoroughfare from which it would be entered by any one coming from London. But wherever he was, and whatever he did, he kept watch, in a stealthy, catlike manner, upon Mill Lane and the few that passed into it or out of it.

A sturdy, broad-shouldered fellow, with a pea-jacket of shaggy cloth, such as pilots and North Sea salvage-seekers wear, with a low-crowned, glazed hat pulled down so as to shade the upper part of his scarred face, with a blue seaman's shirt-collar hanging loose about his sunburnt bull-neck, and a whisp of black silk knotted more loosely still by way of cravat. An ugly customer, emphatically. He walked with the sailor's rolling gait, and wore his mariner's garments like one who was used to them; and the brawny wrists that protruded from the wide cuffs of his foul-weather coat were tattooed with as good gunpowder as ever was served out for small-arm practice on board a Queen's ship.

And yet, in spite of tattooing, and sunburnt neck and face, and sea-going clothes, some exceptionally good judge of such matters—say a smart first-lieutenant of a crack frigate, or the boatswain of a liner—might have pronounced the man a sham, and no true forecastle Jack. But it is harder than most people suppose to detect a counterfeit seaman. Even real old sailors cannot refuse their halfpence to the bawling ballad-singing impostor, theatrically attired, who never in his life handled running rigging or holystoned a deck; and the wearer of the glazed hat and monkey-jacket passed muster very well in Abouklr Street, where the inhabitants were as well accustomed to the sight of seafaring men as well may be. Yet the naval lieutenant would have been right in his opinion, for the lounging, loitering mariner was no other than Bendigo Bill. He was waiting now, waiting, not patiently or with indifference, but in a restless fashion, for *something* to happen, something that was delayed longer than he had expected would be the case. He had taken up his station nearly, but not quite, in front of the old wooden gate, with the white paint peeling off it, under the influence of sun and rain, that led into the market-garden which still went by the name of "old Van's." He stood in the ditch, the mud of which was nearly dried by the hot weather, and sheltered himself as much as he could behind the gnarled stem of a hollow tree, a low, rotten, black stump, that had been a pollard willow once, when green fields overspread the site of the market-gardens. Behind this wreck of a tree he lurked, attentive to every sound that reached him.

The presence of such a grim sentinel would have attracted remark and suspicion anywhere else. But in Mill Lane there were no windows whence unfriendly eyes could count how often the ill-looking sailor-fellow has passed and repassed; and since dark there had not been a single wayfarer to disturb the prowling figure behind the shattered willow-tree. Groups were often seen and heard near the black gaping mouth of the lane, talking loud, singing, laughing, and sometimes brawling in the gaslit street, a third of which was taken up by blank bare stretches of dead-wall. But no one had turned into Mill Lane itself since the watchman, in the pay of the market-gardeners, went by just at moonrise. But the watchman, whose natural enemies were the boys, and the objects of his protecting care cucumbers and wall-fruit, had scarcely given a glance to the sauntering blue-jacket smoking his pipe in the cool of the evening beneath the old willow tree.

The police might be more troublesome; and indeed, whenever the distant clink of an iron-shod boot-heel on the Abouklr Street pavement reached the ears of the ambushed ruffian, and the well-known blue uniform appeared at the corner of Mill Lane, as the wearer passed to take a long look into the darkness, Bendigo Bill drew back into the deepest of the shadow, and his hand slid within his rough outer coat, with the gesture of a hand that seeks and grasps some concealed weapon. But the constable invariably went upon his way, and Mill Lane was left unexplored.

Now and then—once, perhaps, in the course of each five minutes that went sluggishly by—Bendigo Bill crept out of the ditch, and crossing the lane, put his face close to the stout wooden bars of the tall nail-studded gate, and looked through into the great garden, amid the spreading vegetable beds of which the Dutchman's cottage stood, with one solitary light shining pale in a window of it. These excursions took but a few seconds each, and there was one feature in them worthy of note, which was, that when the lurker outside pressed his face against the bars to gain a better view, the gate gave way to his touch; and yet that gate, with a bell-pull of rusty iron dangling beside it, was always kept locked after dusk, and it had been locked on that very evening. But Bendigo Bill was accustomed to carry about with him instruments that could in case of need have triumphed over better locks than that of the nail-studded wooden gate.

The garrotter waited, but it was fretfully, and with a tension, of the senses that kept him restless. His ears and eyes were sharpened as are those of the savage in his ambuscade. He changed his position again and again, stirring silently in his place of espial. He was armed—the frequency with which he thrust his hand beneath the folds of his outer garment, and the low clank of something hard and heavy gave signs that such was the case—once, too, when a policeman passing the end of the lane had lingered longer than common, Bendigo Bill's face had become even more sternly set than before, and the faint click of a pistol-lock had followed.

But there was something written in this desperado's brute face, over and above the bull-dog tenacity of purpose that made him so staunch a watch-dog. A keen observer might have noted something like fear, and something like disgust or repugnance, stamped upon his coarse lineaments. He was a worse man than he had been when first he came, a cowed beast of prey, ready to lick the hand of its master, into his patron's service; but with all his hardihood and all his wickedness, he did not seem at ease now as he stood expectant.

For what did he wait? For something, plainly, by the twitching of his usually firm lips, that he half shrank from hearkening to. He had done his best, like a blind instrument, to bring the dreadful thing to pass, but he shrunk from it at the last, with a reluctance to know the inevitable worst. How long had he been at his post, since he had picked the lock of the gate, and since he had taken his place behind the willow, armed, and resolute to resist capture to the death? Surely a long, long time. Time for a change of purpose, time for relenting, time for the discovery of unlooked-for obstacles. A long time. He passed the back of his horny hand across his dry lips, waiting, listening. Ah! the church clock, far away, striking the hour. He remembered what the time had been as he passed the lighted gin-palace, before creeping into the lane. He had stood sentry some fifteen or twenty minutes, not more.

There it is at last! A cry, a long, harsh, horrid cry, eloquent of pain, and fear, and startled anguish, of a surprise worse than even bodily anguish—a dread sound for human ears to listen to. Silence after that one awful outcry of agonized despair—dead, dull, absolute silence. Bendigo Bill, scoundrel as he was, had shuddered when he heard that shriek rending the night air; but the stillness that succeeded was more horrible than even the wild utterance of despairing terror that had died away upon his ear. His imagination, such as it was, was thoroughly awakened now, and he could picture to himself what it was that was going on in the solitary cottage, the one feeble light from which he could see when he bent his body forward as he then did, gazing into the great dark garden.

There was something in the picture that sickened him. A saving instinct in the man, knave and brute as he was, rose up in revolt at the thought of wickedness worse than he had ever nerved his callous heart and violent hand to do. Again he drew his sleeve across his dry white lips, and then passed it across his forehead, on which the heavy heat-drops stood. He gave a kind of groan. "I couldn't—no, I couldn't. Too bad for me, even!" he said in a low voice, unaware that he had uttered the words or merely thought them. Then he listened. His power of hearing was remarkable, and he had cultivated the gift, many a day, in the trackless Australian bush, when life and death were the stakes for which he played. He listened, now, less for a sound from the cottage in the garden, than for some noise that should denote that the neighbors had taken alarm, and that men were approaching the place from whence that terrible cry had arisen. But it was a district in which quarrels and noisy broils were frequent, and no one seemed to have been disturbed by that one piercing shriek, that had thrilled through the very marrow of the lurker keeping watch upon the gate.

Surely it was over now; surely there must be an end of the devil's work going on within that dwelling, from the one window of which the candle still threw the same pale glimmer. The silence weighed upon the bushranger's breast as a heavy stone might have done, had it been his fate to have lived a century or two earlier, and to be pressed to death in Newgate prison for refusing to plead. It must be over now.

No! Another cry, weak and broken, a stifled scream, that was so hollow and faint as to be likened to the shrieks we seem to hear in a dream, and then wake, and know that our senses have cheated us. The silence that succeeded was deep and long. Bendigo Bill watched and waited. He saw the light within the cottage-window pass rapidly across the casement and disappear; presently, a gleam from the upper windows, each in turn, showed that the candle had been carried up-stairs, and the light was no longer steady, but flickering and waving. At last it vanished. Every window was dark, and the silence seemed to deepen as the light was extinguished.

Quite suddenly, there was a noise—a sound of some one walking quickly and breathing hard, as he came with heavy tread along the mould of the garden paths. Then the white gate was pushed open, and the figure of a tall man dressed in dark clothing passed through into the lane. The gate, roughly swung open, fell with a slam against the post. Bendigo Bill stooped to pick up something that had lain at his feet in the ditch ready; it was a black oilskin bag, such as sailors carry when travelling ashore, and he thrust it under his arm, and stepped out into the middle of the horseway. The tall man who had passed through the gate spoke not a word; he made a quick imperious sign with his hand, and strode on, turning his back to the lights of the street. Bendigo Bill followed him without speaking.

Up the dark lane they went without a word being said on either side, without a sign, since that one imperative gesture which the ex-convict had obeyed. The tall man was in seafaring dress, as Bendigo Bill was, but there was nothing of the sailor in his bearing. He walked very fast, with hasty and irregular steps, careless of the stones and the ruts of the ill-kept road. There was a crape mask covering his face, but this he tore off, with a fierce snatch of his left hand, and thrust it into a pocket of the loose pilot-coat he wore. A white handkerchief was wrapped around his right hand, which hung at his side.

So much as this, Bendigo Bill, following as a dog follows his master, could make out by the faint starlight. But when they emerged from the lane into a suburban road, dotted here and there by dark shrubberies encircling white villas, a gas lamp, burning near the corner of the lane, threw its glare upon the foremost of the two men, who turned away his face from his companion, as if by some instinct of concealment. "Your hand!" exclaimed the ex-bushranger, alarmed, for the white handkerchief was growing crimson, and down from it fell large drops of blood, that slaked the thirsty dust of the road. "How came it like that?" he added, coming closer.—"Curse you! she made her teeth meet in it; don't trouble me with questions," was the savage answer. And the confederates pushed on, still in silence.

Soon the tall man fell back, with a gesture that Bendigo Bill understood to indicate that he, knowing the way best, should take the lead. He obeyed without speaking, and they climbed a hill skirting a high wall, over which waved the tall trees, as it seemed, of a park or pleasaunce, and presently were traversing an open waste of common ground, where the sandy road gleamed like a white ribbon amid stunted heath, and crisp turf and gorse in bloom. They were climbing another hill ere long, with plantations on either side, and suddenly they turned into a dark fir-wood, made their way into a thick and lonely clump of trees, and halted there.

Bendigo Bill unstrapped the bag which he carried, and laid it at the other's feet, and would have spoken, but an angry stamp of his companion's heel upon the ground, and a muttered oath, warned him to be mute. He sat down with his back to a tree, drew out his pipe, filled it, kindled it, and sat smoking his tobacco as stolidly as if he had been still in the bush, or at the fireside in a shepherd's hut. The dark figure, leaning against a tree opposite to him, remained as motionless for a long time as if it had been a mere effigy of a man.

It seemed to Bendigo Bill as if that night would never end. The unnatural silence, the strange conduct of his terrible companion, whose moods changed fitfully, sometimes impelling him to pace restlessly and aimlessly, like a hungry tiger, among the dusky fir-trees, over whose spreading roots his reckless feet stumbled unheeded, sometimes causing him to cast himself at length upon the bare earth, where he would lie, without motion, like a corpse: these were wild, weird adjuncts of the vigil beneath the fir-trees.

Day at last. The lazy clouds opened their eastern phalanx slowly, and reddish, uncertain tints began to color the gray vapor, like a blush upon a guilty face, and objects that had been indistinct before, took shape, and became clearly defined. But Bendigo Bill still sat with his back against the tree, waiting the good pleasure of his patron. The light of early morning, cold and sad as the dawn is apt to be in our latitudes, presently showed him the tall figure and haggard beauty of the master whom he served. Lord Ulswater was walking slowly towards him from among the thick growing fir-trees, dressed in a suit of his own clothes, taken from the bag which his follower had carried. He had wrapped a large piece of torn linen around his bleeding hand. He was fearfully pale, but his face was composed and his voice steady.

"Take these rags and burn them. Fire alone can hide such secrets," said Lord Ulswater, in his customary tone of command: and as he spoke, he threw down at Bendigo Bill's feet, in a heap, the seaman's attire that he had worn. "Are you a coward," he added, sneeringly, "that you tremble?" For Bendigo Bill, while hastily thrusting the cast-off disguise into his black bag, had been unable to repress a shudder and an exclamation at finding that large stains of clotted blood clung, dark and wet, to the garments he was handling. "I will keep my word," said his patron, sternly. "You shall have life and liberty, and cash to start you afresh in a part of the world where such as you can hardly starve. The ship sails for San Francisco on Saturday. I shall see you on board, and not leave you till the anchor is up, and the bell rings for the shore. Be ready on Thursday at the place of which you spoke. I have the address. And be sure to burn that bundle you carry, ay, before you eat or drink this day."

Bendigo Bill nodded rather sullenly.

"Ay, ay, my lord," he said; and he stood long at the edge of the wood, watching the stately form of his patron as it lessened in the distance, and then, taking up his load, he tramped slowly away in an opposite direction to that taken by Lord Ulswater.

CHAPTER LV.

COMING HOME.

Late as it was in the autumn night when James Sark, accompanied by the Professor, reached the region of suburban market-gardens, in the outskirts of which lay his temporary home, he was surprised to see no light twinkling in any of the cottage windows, a sign of wakefulness and of welcome that had never before been lacking. "And yet I should have thought the little woman would have been sitting up, waiting for us," said the Manxman, as he stood before the entrance to the garden; "she always did so before. Mayhap she was tired out, poor lass," he added, gently.

"The gate's open. Why? What's up now?" cried old Brum suspiciously. "The lock's been sported. I can feel the box of the lock quite loose, only hanging by a nail." And as he spoke, the gate yielded to his touch, opening easily.

With a sudden exclamation of alarm, Sark sprang forward. The Professor caught him by the arm. "Stay, Jem, stay!" he exclaimed; "it may be the traps, you know—the police. Don't run into a springe, with your eyes open, man. Your wife's in no danger, remember—" But here Sark broke from the hold of his companion, and ran towards the dark, silent cottage. Old Brum followed, grumbling: "Goes into the net headforemost," he muttered; for he really expected at every instant to see the apparition of shiny hats and blue uniforms from behind the Dutch gardener's house, and to witness the arrest of Sark as an escaped prisoner.

However, nothing of the kind occurred. The old man found his young comrade standing in front of the door in evident perplexity. "It's locked," said the Manxman, trying to laugh. "All right, and very careful, you see, but she's as quiet as a mouse. Can she be asleep? Loys, lass! Loys!" He raised his voice to a higher pitch with each fresh summons, tapping smartly with his fingers on the closed door. But he called in vain; there was no answer. "Gone out," pronounced Sark, in a voice that he could not render calm and cheerful, as he wished it to be: "I was an ass not to think of that before. Gone to London, perhaps, to hunt after me, or to the railway station to meet us, and missed us somehow; eh, Professor?"

"You wait! you wait! we'll have a light directly, we will," said Brum hurriedly. He groped, as he spoke, behind some empty casks that stood, like a row of Morgiana's oil-jars, under the lee of the outbuildings, and produced a common stable-lantern and a smaller one, such as constables carry. Then he opened them, kindled a match, and lighted both lanterns. The black mould of the garden-path, mottled with green moss, and the nearest beds of vegetables, growing in regular ranks, like soldiers on parade, and the wall of the wooden house, and the quaint porch, were revealed.

"Catch a weasel asleep!" chuckled the Professor; "catch old Brum napping. I thought these might turn out useful one day. Now, Jem, we can see the footprints in the soft mould, and— Why, what ails you?" For the old man, chattering thus, had caught a glimpse of his friend's face, and he wondered to see Sark, pale and ghastly with dread, staring with starting eyeballs at something on the ground—on the ground, and on the damp, sunken flagstone before the door—something dark, and wet, and tortuous, that crept, snake-like, out from beneath the shrunken wood-work of the door itself, and crawled across the threshold and the stone, and formed a tiny blackening pool amid the moss beyond.

"Look!" cried James Sark—"look!"—and he clutched the other by the arm, and leaned heavily upon him, in the shock of that first discovery, as if his limbs had lost their vigor—look at that, old man!"

Old Brum looked down, shuddering. "Blood! and nothing else," he said with a gasp.—"Stay," he added, as his foot struck against something hard and metallic, and he stooped to pick up the key of the door, dropped, no doubt, by the person who had last left the house—"stay one moment; best let me go in first."

But Sark, who had recovered from the first terrible surprise, took the key from the old man's hand, and opened the door. He had tried to nerve himself, to harden himself against the sight that he guessed but too truly would await him within. But the reality of the horror within surpassed even his fearful forebodings of the worst. There, in the passage, at the foot of the stairs, lay Loys, dead—murdered. She lay upon the brick floor, with her head resting against the wall opposite to the door of the little parlor; and her white upturned face, with the eyes wide open, a frown upon the brow, and the lips apart, so as to show the teeth between them, was rigid as that of a marble statue, expressive of such fear, and hate, and agony as never sculptor moulded. All her beautiful black hair was loose and streaming over her shoulders, tangled and torn as it had been in the hideous struggle, the signs of which were everywhere.

She was not a woman to die unresisting, and she had fought long for her life, as might plainly be seen. She had dragged herself on her knees, so it seemed, thus far, and there died; for both her arms were outstretched, as if to keep back the murderer, and her arms were cut and bruised, and the fingers of one hand had been nearly severed, evidently in an effort to grasp the weapon with which the death-blow had been dealt. That weapon must have been sharp and two-edged, a dagger or heavy sheath-knife, to have inflicted those deep wounds in neck and bosom that had been dealt, again and again, enough to let out more lives, it might have been thought, than that one poor life that the woman who lay there had so desperately striven to defend.

The first blow must have been struck within the parlor to the right of the door, for there the chairs had been overturned, the table pushed aside, and a work-box lay on the floor, the bright-colored skeins of silk, and the other feminine gear that had filled it, scattered about, and soaked in the blood that was everywhere.

For it was everywhere, that damning proof of cruel crime, as ruthlessly done as treacherously planned. There were splashes and spots of the guilty crimson high upon the walls, on the furniture, on the frayed carpet, everywhere—most of all in the passage without, where Loys lay. There, too, on the white door jamb, was the distinct imprint of a gory hand. As the two men stood, mute with terror and pity, they shuddered afresh to feel that the floor on which their feet rested was slippery to the tread. Sark fell on his knees, and took the helpless head gently up, laying it on his breast. "Brum, old man, get help; for God's sake, a doctor. There may be life in her; go!" And he began to speak, half distractedly, to the dead, calling her by every fond and loving name that he had ever used to her, and begging her to speak and live, for the sake of the great love with which he had loved her.

The Professor went hurrying off, obeying, in the excitement of the moment, without remonstrance; and yet he knew that hope was past, and that all had been over long since; but it was a relief to do something, anything. So Brum hastened off along Abouklr street, quiet enough now, and did as his friend had bidden him. He came back, not running, but walking very fast. "I have called up a doctor," he said hurriedly; "he'll be here very soon. But, poor chap, you know it's no good; I see you do." James Sark, with his dead wife's head pillowed on his breast, looked up at him with bloodshot, tearless eyes; then he lifted her right hand, the one that had been wounded, and eyed it piteously.

"Look, Brum," he said—"look how the butcher has left my darling! You remember her pretty hand, so little and white—a lady's hand, you know, I used to call it. Loys was proud of it. O look, look here!" And he pressed the cold fingers to his lips, kissing them passionately, and then broke out into such an agony of sobs and tears as very few have ever witnessed, and fewer still, thank Heaven, have endured. Then old Brum, moved and frightened, rascal as he was, broke down, and began to cry, whiningly, like a worn-out hound that sees his master in distress.

But the Professor's mood soon changed, as a thought struck him. "My poor old Jem, old chap, you must come away," he said earnestly; "she's dead, poor thing. You know that. Doctors, all the doctors in London couldn't help her; and I was a fool to raise an alarm, and bring a lot of people here, for unless you make tracks, you'll be taken." There was no reply. "Don't you hear me?" cried the Professor, shaking Sark by the arm.

The Manxman looked up. "Let them take me. I've nothing to live for now. If they've the heart to take a man away from the side of the only thing he ever loved, lying dead like this, why, let them handcuff me, and drag me off. Save yourself, and let me be." These words were spoken with dogged, hopeless resolve.

"Jem, Jem! hear reason! it'll be too late soon," urged the Professor; but his words fell on heedless ears. The old coiner was sorely puzzled. His natural shrewdness told him that ordinary arguments, common-place appeals to the instinct of self-preservation, would be thrown away upon that desperate man, blind and deaf to all things but the frenzy of his sorrow; and yet to abandon him to his fate, with the certainty of detention, recognition, and punishment before him, was not to be thought of. "After all," soliloquized Brum, "they've nothing much agin me. No warrants out. I've no call to run from the Philistines just now." Thus reassured as to his own safety, the Professor, lantern in hand, took a survey of the apartment, and then, shaking his head, went up-stairs. It was evident by the drops of blood that were frequent on the carpetless stairs, that the assassin had ascended to the upper floor. Above, all the doors were open, and everything was in disorder, the cupboards having been rifled, the lids of trunks and chests violently wrenched from the hold of lock or hinges, whichever had been the first to yield to the murderer's hasty attack.

That the assassin had been in great haste was plain, not only because the clothes and other objects which the now emptied boxes and closets had contained lay in a tumbled heap, tossed into the middle of the floor, and in many cases smeared with half-dried blood, but because, in prizing open one stout oaken sea-chest, the tool employed had been snapped in two, and part of it remained lying close to the box, the cover of which had manifestly been torn away by main force. Brum picked up the fragment of steel, which was about four inches long, and was apparently part of the blade of a large sharp-pointed knife, double-edged, and with a thick blade, such as German hunters and American backwoodsmen carry.

Either the murderer desired to mislead suspicion by feigning to have perpetrated his crime from motives of vulgar greed, or he had been hurriedly searching for something worth the taking; and that this was not money or money's worth was proved by the fact, that several gold and silver coins, with sundry trinkets, the property of poor Loys, lay strewed about the floor disregarded. "No regular cracksman would have left 'em, that's certain," grumbled Brum. It was clear to his judgment that the search after some desired object had been a real one, although executed with the fiercest haste, and very roughly. On a chest of drawers stood a basin half full of water, with a towel left lying across it, as when the assassin had washed the red stains from his hands, and turned to go.

"If he's the man I take him to be," said old Brum, with another shake of his sagacious head, "he's been looking for papers, letters, or what not; and he hasn't found 'em, for see here!" And the Professor pounced upon a thick little packet of letters, with something in the middle of it harder and weightier than letters, tied up with a piece of faded scarlet ribbon. This he slipped into his pocket. All this time he had been listening, with his head on one side, in the old raven-like fashion, for the sound of coming footsteps. His inspection of the rooms, minute as it was, had been very rapidly conducted, for Brum had always before his eyes the ideal picture of his ally, James Sark, with chained wrists, dragged away by the inevitable police. "All my cursed folly!" groaned the Professor; "I ought to have known better than to have gone blabbing to that doctor and his gabbling, screeching maid-servants, about a murder in Mill Lane. It's known up at the station by this." And at the recollection of his own imprudent words, Brum groaned again, and went down-stairs.

There was James Sark, immovable, in the same position as before, holding up that passive head, that lay so heavily on his patient shoulder, and uttering low broken words of fondness, such as a mother might whisper to her dying child that she cannot bring herself to believe is to go

from her. "He's mazed like, poor lad! no use my speaking sense to him now," muttered his old associate: "the game's up!" At that moment, the Professor's quick eye detected a glittering object on the floor, half hidden by the worn door-mat, and the Professor darted at it as a cat at a mouse. Yes; he was right. Here was proof positive, confirming what he had all along suspected; better than that, here was a talisman to rouse James Sark from his fatal stupor of inaction.

"Dear boy Jem!" said Brum, more urgent than before; "get up, and be a man! She's dead, poor soul; but the butcherly villain—he that did this cruelty—he's alive. Get up, man, if you wouldn't lose your revenge along with your liberty."

He had touched the right cord now. The Manxman looked up eagerly, and his face, pallid almost as that of the dead within his arms, flushed wrathfully. As quickly did a look of weary discouragement succeed to this glow of anger. "How am I to find him? I don't know who did this. Let me be, Brum!" he answered, in a dull peevish tone, like that of some sick man disturbed in his first sleep.

"Now, Jem!" cried the old man, trembling with impatience, as his watchful ear distinguished a distant sound, distant yet, but approaching; "once more, say I, be a man! Look—look at this I've found on the floor, almost on the very spot where she lies so quiet, poor creature. Look, I say!"

Thus adjured, James Sark did look at the shining object which Brum held out for his inspection. It was a large flat gold button, part, evidently, of a sleeve link, broken, no doubt, in the struggle, and which must have dropped from the murderer's wrist, and lain unnoticed by him. A handsome and costly toy of its class, for it was studded with small turquoises disposed in the form of a cross, and a coronet was engraved upon it. "That's enough proof, ain't it"— Brum was beginning, when the Manxman sprung to his feet, gently laying down upon the ground the poor passive head that he had supported on his strong arm. "I see," he cried. "I'm ready. I was struck stupid for a minute; but I *have* something to live for—to settle scores with that Right Honorable villain. I'm ready."

There was something startling in the sudden change that had metamorphosed this man, usually so genial and easy-tempered. There he stood, pale and stern, with blazing eyes and nostrils that dilated like those of a stag at bay, the very incarnation of vengeance. "Then come! I hear footsteps and people talking," answered the Professor, grasping his companion's wrist.

The Manxman stooped, and kissed his wife's cold lips again and again. "Good-bye, Loys, good-bye, my dear," he murmured, and then, with a great sob, turned towards the door. The noise of people speaking loudly, and of trampling feet, was now very distinct.

"Come, lad," said Brum, in serious alarm; "you'll be too late." And he almost dragged the young man through the passage and out into the garden, where several persons were already dimly discernible, stumbling as they groped their way, and talking excitedly. The Professor's keen glance caught the dreaded glare of bull's-eye lanterns coming up the lane. By main force, he drew his associate behind the angle of the cottage, and urged him on.

"The house is between us and them, but the police are at the gate. They can't see us. We must get over the wall, I tell you. I'm old, but if you help me, I can manage to do it," gasped the Professor, hurrying along the path that led in an opposite direction to that from which the intruders were advancing. "Be quick and silent, for your life!"

As they reached the wall, they heard a loud shout. The crowd had entered the house by this time, and the outcry was caused, no doubt, by the discovery of the body. Sark, with one hand on the top of the low wall, hesitated: "My poor Loys! my poor Loys!" he groaned out piteously. "It seems cowardly to leave her to strangers. I can't bear it." But Brum spoke quick and forcible words, pointing out the fact, that Sark's incarceration would render him powerless against the murderer; that he might even be accused of the crime, since a runaway convict was always considered capable of any atrocious act, and that his best hope of exacting retribution for his wife's cruel death, was to be founded on his own exertions in hunting the assassin down. "Ay, hunt him down! So I will, Be sure of that, old man," said Sark, grimly. Brum had heard many a threat of vengeance before, coupled with grisly oaths and frightful curses, but never such a cool, deliberate menace, spoken in the calm plain words of a man whose mind was bent upon one purpose, and who scorned the imprecations of vulgar rage as empty babblings unworthy of a thought. He felt sure that Sark would keep his word. Then, thanks to the Manxman's strength and activity, the wall was quickly scaled, and across gardens and fields the two associates made their way unpursued, till they reached the broad highway that led them to London.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE DEPOSITION OF BENJAMIN HULLER.

I, Benjamin Huller, seventy-one years of age, a native of the parish of Shellton, and a pauper in the Union workhouse there, do declare and solemnly affirm on oath that this my deposition and confession is a true and full statement of facts known to me. I have stated these facts freely, without fee or reward, or malice or favor to any one concerned, as I hope for mercy to my wretched soul; and although dying in hospital, and, as I believe, at the last extremity, I am certain that my mind is clear, and that the circumstances I have related, and which have been taken down in writing in my presence, and signed by me, did in very truth occur in order as they are set down. And this confession I have made in hopes that, by means of it I may make some reparation for the wicked wrong in doing which I have had a share, of which I declare that I do now most heartily repent. And I have begged the gentlemen that this deposition might be taken down as nearly as possible in my own words, which request has been kindly permitted.

I was a man who had received a good education, but going wrong, through my own fault, as I now humbly acknowledge, in spite of kind friends and employers, I led a checkered life of much sin and sorrow, and after many ups and downs in the world, became a pauper in the workhouse of my native place. There, notwithstanding my bad character and bad habits, my superior address and information—superior, I mean, to those of my fellow-paupers—caused me to be set in some little authority within the walls of the workhouse, and I have been wardsman, labor-master, and other things, each time being deprived of the post which I held in consequence of my addiction to drink and other misconduct.

At this present moment, I am deputy-porter of the Union, but at the time of which I speak I was only the keeper or guardian of the dead-house, a duty which I got by currying favor with the master, as I generally contrived to do when not in liquor, and by holding which I got an allowance of beer and other indulgences. My being keeper of the dead-house was well known to the work house doctor, Dr. Dennis, a gentleman against whom I have nothing at all to say, except that he neglected the office of attending the Union patients more than was, perhaps, quite right in him, turning them over to his assistant, Mr. Marsh.

This Mr. Stephen Marsh, the same who was taken dead out of the river Thames quite lately, was a very clever young man, but of intemperate habits and a bad disposition. He was in needy circumstances, very envious, and desirous to rise in life, but not industriously inclined; so he was always on the look out for some chance of growing suddenly rich. He noticed me, as a man different from the ordinary paupers, since I had travelled, and read books, and seen better days, and we had many a chat together.

One day, this Mr. Stephen Marsh came to me, asking, in a joking sort of manner, if I would trouble myself to pick up a ten pound note if I found it lying in my way, and if I thought it would be a pleasant change to discharge myself from Shellton workhouse, and go and amuse myself in London with money in my pockets. I thought he was in jest at first; but from hints he dropped that some business was afoot by which a lot of cash was to be made, easily and without risk, I found that he was in earnest. He sounded me as to my inclinations, and soon satisfied himself that I was ready, and too ready, to take a safe part in any plot whatever, if a plot were brewing, provided it were made worth my while.

Two days afterwards, Mr. Marsh came again, and this time he spoke more to the purpose. It seemed there was a party in the background that wanted, for a particular reason, to be put secretly in possession of a child's dead body. More than that, it must be that of a boy, of not more than four or five years of age, and must be a fair-haired child. It was not for dissection, or anything of that sort, or Mr. Marsh would have had no call to be so careful and mysterious about it, because Dr. Dennis had but to speak to the master, and pay a trifle, perhaps ten shillings, compensation, for consent of parents or relations, and there would have been no difficulty at all. But this was all to be kept as still as the grave itself.

Have I said that I was to get ten pounds for my assistance in the matter? I was offered ten pounds, and got a bit frightened at the high price. Nothing for nothing, had been the sort of rule I was used to, and I began to be afraid when I found the tariff such a handsome one. Besides, how was I to earn it? I was keeper of the dead-house, where the bodies of those that died in the infirmary or the casual ward, or where not, were placed before burial; but ours was only a little bit of a Union, and deaths did not occur so frequently as in city workhouses. I might wait a long time before there came under my care such a dead child as was demanded.

On mentioning this to Mr. Marsh, he looked at me in a queer, sidelong sort of way, and asked me, had I not been in the infirmary lately. So I replied that I had, that very day. Then, he said, most probably I had observed a little boy, that was ill there of the fever, a child of exactly the age, size, and complexion that he had been inquiring after. This little creature was without father or mother, or any near relations. His parents, whom some said were North of Ireland people, and others took them for Welsh folks, had gone about the country, hay-making and hop-picking, and working at odd jobs between the early mowing and the last of the harvest, and they had taken the fever in the strip of marshy sheep-pasture down between Gridley Harbor and the sea, and both died of it, the man in some shed or barn, and the wife in the workhouse. When the poor woman was brought in, she was too far gone to state name or parish, and she merely lifted her finger once, and pointed to the west, when asked by the master where she came from. So, as the boy merely knew that his Christian name was Paul, they gave him in the workhouse books the surname of West, seeing they had no clue to his settlement, and so had to keep him, and he was set down in black and white as Paul West.

But after a little while, he was ill of the fever too, having most likely brought the seeds of it with him from the wet meadows, where there was sad sickness that year. He was a pretty little chap, blue-eyed, and with light curling hair, almost gold color. So the young doctor reminded me of little Paul West. "But he'll get well, doctor," said I, astonished; "he is just the child to live to be as old as any of us." Mr. Marsh gave a nasty sort of little laugh. "I'm sure," said he, "that the boy will not recover." I stared at him, and he looked rather ashamed; but he went away, and came back that very evening to invite me to take a glass at a public hard by. It was the first time he ever offered me anything of the sort, and I thought it odd that he should sit down with an old pauper scamp, like myself, but I never could resist drink. I went.

Over the gin and water, in a private parlor of the *Fishers* public, the whole thing was settled. He—Mr. Marsh—persisted that the boy West would die of the fever. My share in the business was marked out beforehand. You know, gentlemen, how loosely and carelessly they manage in workhouses about everything to do with the sick pauper, from the first drink of physic he gets, right or wrong, late or early, as the nurse is drowsy or not, down to when they lay him out in a shed before the coffin comes. In the case of little West, I was to contrive, as I easily could, to get an empty coffin buried; not exactly empty, but weighted with earth to near the proper weight, and filled up with straw or rags, to prevent the earth from rattling. I could do this by screwing on the lid myself, the contractor often bringing the shell after working-hours, and his men being willing to accept a pint or so of beer from me or any one, and not at all inquisitive as to my reason for preferring to borrow a screw-driver, and finish the job myself.

Thus, as may be seen, it was easy for me to get the coffin buried without the boy, and not difficult to put the poor little child's body into the possession of the surgeon's assistant. But two things puzzled me. First, for what was the body required? Secondly, how came the doctor to be so confident that the boy Paul would not live? Because it so happened that I had heard one of the women up-stairs say that he was getting on famously, and would soon be well—a bad bargain for the guardians, as she said in joke. As for the first question, after very much beating about the bush, and finding I would not move blindfold in the matter, Mr. Marsh told me several things. He has let drop plenty of other hints since, and altogether, first and last, I learned from him that a great gentleman wanted the dead child to pass off for another child of the same age, that stood between him and a large property; also that a nurse in this gentleman's interest was ready to effect the substitution. As for my second question, the young surgeon laughed again, in that same meeting way as before, and bade me mind my own business.

I agreed to do what was required of me for the sum of twelve pounds, half in advance; but afterwards I demanded to be paid twenty pounds more. This—God forgive me!—was not on account of the wrongful act I had agreed to partake in, but simply for fear of legal punishment. I did as the surgeon bade me, and asked no further questions; but I thought the matter over, and decided that the other child, the heir to the property, was to be put out of the way—I mean by death. But I comforted myself by thinking that I had no art or part in whatever else was done, but had merely to carry out the deception as the doctor desired.

I was not very much surprised when the wardsman of the infirmary came one day to tell me that little Paul West had died that morning, and had been laid out, and to call me to help to carry the poor child's body down to the dead-house. There was to be no inquest, because the doctor had taken his rounds earlier than usual that day, and had certified to the cause of death. I asked which doctor, Dennis or Marsh, and I was told Marsh. I fear, very much I do fear, that the poor child met with foul play, and that Stephen Marsh went to his account with the crime of cutting short that innocent life upon his sinful soul. I remember, once, when he was flurried and heated with liquor (to which he took greatly after leaving Dr. Dennis and setting up to practise as an independent doctor)—I remember he said that Burke and Hare were clever dogs; but that when a "subject" was wanted there were better ways of getting it than by clapping a pitch-plaster over the mouth; and much more talk of that sort, which I never liked to listen to.

I am getting weak with so much speaking, and I must make my story as short as I can, so it can be understood. That very evening, then, about sundown, the child's body was smuggled out of the shed that we called the dead-house, and out through a side-door that led from the workhouse yard into a lane called Saarland's Lane, leading to the tanneries and bleaching-works at the back of the town. The key of this side-door, which was seldom used, I obtained by purloining it from the master's office, where it hung on a nail. Mr. Marsh was there, ready with a carriage—it was a phaeton, a one horse carriage, hired from the *Bell Hotel;* and he drove it himself, and was alone. We put our load, which was but a light one, wrapped in a cloak belonging to the doctor, beneath the apron of the trap, and Mr. Marsh drove off with it—first paying me the sum stipulated for. And that is all I know of my own knowledge; only that on that very night my lord's little son, a child of the age of Paul West, died up at St. Pagans Abbey, as was given out—Dr. Dennis and his assistant, Mr. Marsh, attending him in his illness.

I managed the mock-burial cleverly, so as to avoid suspicion; and the coffin, should it be examined, will be found to contain no remains of little West, or any one else, but exactly what I have said—earth, and rags and straw. I discharged myself from the Union, going up to London with my ill-got money, in hopes to get a small partnership share in a grog-shop at Rotherhithe, the owner of which was known to me, and to whom I proposed to act as barman and book-keeper, since he could not read or write, though a moneyed man. But I found the place bespoke by a party with more funds; and mine soon went in drink and gambling at cards, at which I was cheated by sharpers, being hocussed, and losing ten pounds at one sitting. The end of it was, that I came back to the workhouse again, and was a pauper once more.

At different times, I got small extra sums of money out of Mr. Marsh, who had set up in a grand house at Shellton to be a doctor on his own account, no doubt with the cash paid him for his services in that affair. But all Shellton cried out against him for his ingratitude to Dr. Dennis, his old employer; and as his temper and habits were none of the best, and he was addicted to drink, he was soon a by-word in the town, and his affairs went from bad to worse. Being idle and poor, he was always grumbling against the person who had hired him to tempt me in that bad business of the false burial and substitution; and from what he let slip, I made out that it was the Honorable John Carnac that was the contriver of the wicked plot, and that, by underhand means, he made away with his young nephew, son of the late Lord Ullswater, at St. Pagans, who died soon after, it was said of a broken heart, poor gentleman, being so grieved by the loss of the child.

I declare that, to the best of my belief, the body buried as that of the late Lord Ullswater's only son and heir was really that of Paul West, the orphan; and that my lord's son was taken away out of the abbey by night, and most likely made away with by the nurse or the doctor, Marsh, by desire of his uncle, Mr. Carnac, who is now Lord Ullswater. I am sure Mr. Carnac paid Marsh a good deal of money, though not so much as he wanted; and Marsh and I, and my son William Huller, made plans to obtain more money from my lord, and threatened to tell all unless he complied with our demands. My son William afterwards betrayed us, and went over to Lord Ullswater's side; and then Mr. Marsh was murdered when about this very business; and I, suspecting my lord to have had a hand in the doctor's dreadful ending, came up to London to find out something about it, by help of old chums, and was run over in the streets, and taken to hospital, where, being mortally injured, and feeling my time will now be very short, I wish to make some atonement for my ill-spent and evil life by confessing what may enable justice to be done.

One thing more. The nurse I never saw—meaning the nurse who attended on the late lord's young son—but her name I understand to have been Fletcher, and she was a young woman, married, as I believe, to an emigrant or seafaring man, whom she afterwards joined in foreign parts. She has lately been seen in London; and it was to meet her, and gain her over to our side against Lord Ullswater, that Marsh made his last miserable journey to London. This is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, gentlemen, and I have signed it, and swear to it.

There, in its naked horror, is the tale as told by Benjamin Huller, lying on his dying bed in the Accident Ward of the hospital, whither he had been carried. To whom it was related, and by what agency it was brought about that this formal deposition was regularly taken down from the wretched old man's lips, word for word, in the presence of a magistrate, will be explained in the following chapter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Romance of Real Life.

For some time past Mr. D. D. Home, the celebrated "Spiritualist," has been staying at Malvern, under the care of Dr. Gully. One day last week Mr. Home suddenly disappeared from the neighborhood, and the next we heard of the gentleman, whose face had become quite familiar at Malvern, and was not known in Worcester, is of his being a prisoner. A writ had been issued against him for obtaining a large sum of money by undue influence, and the legal men concerned had thought it advisable to have some declaration made whereby Mr. Home could at once be arrested. Thus much we learn from ordinary sources. We complete the narrative from a letter of explanation which Mr. Home has forwarded to us himself. Beginning at the period of that "stroke of luck" which the papers chronicled last year, Mr. Home says on the 1st of October, 1866, he received a letter signed "Jane Lyon," in which the writer requested to know on what terms she could become a member of a society of ladies and gentlemen who had clubbed together for the serious investigation of the so-called Spiritual phenomena. Without waiting for a reply she visited Mr. Home the next day and requested him to call upon her. He called accordingly, and Mrs. Lyon presented him with £30 towards the expenses of the society. Up to this time she had not witnessed any of the so-called phenomena, but stated that from early childhood she had seen most wonderful visions. On the Sunday following Mr. Home called again, and Mrs. Lyon declared that she had seen him in visions and wished to adopt him as her son. During this interview, Mr. Home says, she saw some phenomena which convinced her, and she expressed herself more than ever desirous to adopt him as her son. On the 10th of October, she wrote to him, and presented him with an entirely free gift of £24,000, which sum was paid to Mr. Home the next day. After this he went to Brighton, and received letters as from a mother to her son. He then adopted her name in addition to his own, and became, as most people know, Mr. Home-Lyon. The winter passed, and Mr. Home was taken seriously ill. Advised to go to Malvern, he placed himself under Dr. Gully, and during his stay at the seat of the water cure his "mother" wrote to him kind and affectionate letters: yet meanwhile (so it turns out) she was consulting lawyers as to the best means of undoing what she had done. At this point she consults a supposed spiritual medium, a girl of twelve years of age, by whom she is told that Mr. Home-Lyon has a familiar spirit which has compelled her to adopt him. The advice of the medium is that Mrs. Lyon shall throw the whole thing into Chancery. Mr. Home returns to London at this juncture, and is received kindly by his patron. On a second interview, however, she demands the return of all or part of the money she has given him, and tells him that all his friends are swindlers. "This of course (says Mr. Home) renders it impossible for me to comply with her request, as much for my friends' sake as for my own." Within the shortest possible time she has him thrown into Whitecross-street prison. He only remained there one night, however, but the shock to his nervous system has been great, and he is now very ill. The case will, ere long, come before the law courts, and will no doubt be a very remarkable trial; it will be a fight between spiritualists, and must elicit some extraordinary disclosures; for Mrs. Lyon adheres to her belief in spiritualism, and does not charge Mr. Home with fraud, but vows that he has "a familiar spirit."—*Berrow's Worcester Journal.*

FUNNY AQUATIC RACES.—A despatch of July 27th, from Troy, New York, says:—"A tub race for a small stake took place on the Hudson yesterday evening, at a point midway between this city and the adjoining village of Lansingburg. S. Spotter, Pratt and C. Silliman were entered to row across in three wash tubs, using their hands for oars, the distance being one-third of a mile. Silliman won the stake in twenty minutes, neither of the others making the shore, but being upset in the river several times, to the intense amusement of the immense crowd in attendance. The tub race was followed by a blindfold boat race between C. Silliman and J. Hogle for a purse of twenty-five dollars. The contestants being blindfolded, rowed in skiffs from the east shore of the Hudson to a small island therein, to reach the north point of which, a distance of about five hundred feet, was the objective. Silliman won the purse in fifteen minutes. Hogle landed at the State dam, about a mile below the starting point, on the same side of the river.

A MYSTERY EXPLAINED.—Rev. Mr. ——, of Lawrence, Mass., is a bachelor. Noticing, early in the season, that one of his members, a married lady, was not at a meeting for several Sabbaths, he called to ask the reason. As her reply was somewhat evasive, he surmised that she "had nothing to wear," and said, "you are waiting for your Spring bonnet, I suppose." Weeks passed, and still she did not make her appearance. He therefore thought he would call again. Approaching the house, he saw her sitting at the open window, and blandly remarked, "I haven't seen you at church yet; hasn't that bonnet come?" "Yes, sir," she archly replied. "Shall I show it to you?" "If you please," answered the wondering pastor. Holding up a wee bit of a baby, she said, blushing, "This is the spring bonnet I was waiting for; did I do right?"

☞ A. Hemmenway is probably the richest man in New England, with an estate of about five millions. He is now under restraint on account of his mental condition.

☞ Some grumbler, or stickler for the proprieties and congruities, long ago pointed out the folly of calling ladies' skirts in modern times, or almost any times, petticoats—little coats. So we now desire to ask, where is any longer the significance of calling the chignon, as now worn, on the top of the head a water-*fall?* Does water ever run up hill? Call it a pompon or a water-spout, if you will; but never a waterfall, until it does fall again.

The Decay of the Cherokees.

From the Moravian we gather the following interesting items about the Cherokee Indians:—The tribe numbers 14,000. The females outnumber the males more than 1,600. Ten years ago, the tribe numbered 25,000; but the ravages of war, the exposure of the refugees in northern climates, when they were driven out from their homes during the rebellion, and other causes, have operated to produce this wonderful diminution of numbers! The Cherokees now own in fee simple about 4,000,000 acres of land, and the United States Government hold in trust for them $1,000,000. The Cherokees are the most enlightened tribe of Indians in the West. They have made most commendable progress in civilization. Many of them are finely educated, and are men of culture and refinement. Before the war they had a number of good schools and academies, and the children of the more intelligent and wealthy were educated in eastern colleges. They have a legislative form of government, with a Senate and House of Assembly; a Governor and head chief elected by the people; courts and justice officers.

Their country is divided into different counties. They held slaves, but in our Western provincialism that is "played out." Their former slaves are now treated with consideration and respect, and will soon become the principal men of the tribe, as they are industrious, and seem to have a greater desire to accumulate property than the native Indians. In proportion to their numbers, the Cherokees previous to the war were the wealthiest people on the face of the globe. They owned immense herds of cattle, horses and hogs. Large shipments of cattle were annually made by them to New Orleans and other markets. One man owned 20,000 head of cattle, another 15,000. There were many that owned 10,000, 3,000, 2,000, 1,000 and 500 head of cattle each.

INNOCENT PLEASURES.—In a sermon delivered by Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York, is the following paragraph:—

"For my own part, I say it in all solemnity, I have lived to become sincerely suspicious of the piety of those who do not love pleasure in any form. I cannot trust the man that never laughs, that is always sedate; that has no apparent outlet for those natural springs of sportiveness and gayety that are perennial in the human soul. I know that Nature takes her revenge on such violence. I expect to find secret vices, malignant sins, or horrid crimes spring up in this hot bed of confined air and imprisoned space; and, therefore, it gives me a sincere moral gratification anywhere, and in any community, to see innocent pleasures and popular amusements resisting the religious bigotry that frowns so unwisely upon them. Anything is better than dark, dead, unhappy social life—a prey to ennui and morbid excitement."

"WOMEN'S RIGHTS" advocates have always been fond of adducing the examples of certain queens in proof of the aptitude of women to discharge all the duties of life. Queen Victoria, however, in her *life of the Prince Consort*, most bitterly deplores the fact that she had no husband during the first years of her reign. In regard to her solitary responsibility, she says:—"A worse school for a young girl, or one more detrimental to all natural feelings and affections, cannot well be imagined than the position of a queen at eighteen without experience, and without a husband to guide and support her." The Queen, later in life, was, according to her statement in this work, even more positive that she had need of the advice and guidance of her husband in all the affairs of State.

☞ The Bank of England, whenever a counterfeit of one of its notes is presented at the counter, it is stated, instantly pays over the gold to redeem it. If it comes from some known person, he is only asked where he got it. If from a stranger, the cashier signals to his detective, always in waiting, and the officer follows secretly. Before many hours the bank is in possession of the stranger's biography. The offender once arrested, is likely to be tried, convicted and sentenced in a very summary way.

☞ The political circles in Cincinnati are agitated over the question who is to be the next county treasurer. The office is held for two years, and pays $30,000 per annum. One man offers, if elected, to retain only $10,000 per year, and pay over the balance to the Bethel of Cincinnati. A clergyman follows up by offering to take the office and pay over the entire proceeds to the Bethel.

☞ A Mr. Harris, of Kingston, Wis., crushed some potato bugs in his hands, and subsequently picked some strawberries and ate them. During the following night he was suddenly attacked with violent pains, throwing him into convulsions, when for a time life was despaired of. The physicians decided that it was the effect of the potato bug. Another, after handling bugs all day, was taken sick the same way and expired before morning.

☞ The Prince Imperial of Austria is a boy of very fiery temper, and at a recent juvenile party he thrashed the son of the Prussian Ambassador for some disparaging remarks respecting Austria during her recent war. The Emperor and Empress chanced to enter the room while the young Prussian was whimpering, and the scene was promptly changed. The Empress consoled young Werther, dried his tears, and kissed him, while Francis Joseph inflicted a summary castigation on his impetuous scion, telling him that it was disgraceful for him to attack his own guest.

☞ Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in speaking of the proper furniture and apparatus of a Young Men's Christian Association, said that provision should be made for "two kinds of amusements, those of a muscular and those of an intellectual kind—bowling rooms and billiard tables on the one hand, and reading rooms on the other."

☞ Kladderadatsch, the Berlin Punch, has a cartoon representing a grand banquet at the Tuileries, in which Louis Napoleon appears in the character of "Macbeth," surrounded by royal guests. The party have not finished their soup when a shadowy "Banquo" in the likeness of Maximilian rises at the lower end of the board, and the Emperor and Empress start back in horror.

☞ A Lake George correspondent says that the collapse of crinoline destroys many pleasing illusions, while the abolition of coat-tails and the shrinking of the leg-gear in the accredited swell, seem to have alarmingly increased the proverbial skeleton in every house.

☞ A gentleman living in Green county, Alabama, has offered his entire crop of corn for 35 cents a bushel, in the field; and it is said that any amount of corn can be engaged in the canebrake region at 50 cents a bushel.

A Romance in Reality.

Many of our readers will remember the singular marriage of Lady Florence Paget a few years ago, which caused so much gossip in London and in the newspapers. The lady, the youngest daughter of the impecunious Marquis of Anglesey, was betrothed to Mr. Chaplin, a business man of plain features and low birth but great wealth, and the engagement, if not particularly agreeable to the young lady, was very convenient to her father and brothers, who borrowed money frequently of her *fiancé*. All seemed going on smoothly toward the wedding day, until the young lady, leaving home on a shopping expedition for procuring a portion of her trousseau, entered a store in Regent street, leaving her carriage and footman at the door, and left the store by another door in Piccadilly, where she was met by the Marquis of Hastings, and was forthwith married to him, without warning to either the jilted commoner or her own exasperated relatives. Thus far the story is an old one. But on the recent Derby day, the horse "Hermit," which so unexpectedly won the race, was the property of this same discarded plebeian, Mr. Chaplin. This gentleman's winnings by the event would amount to nearly a million of dollars in our currency; and, by a singular freak of poetic justice, the largest loser is the identical Marquis of Hastings who cheated Mr. Chaplin of his love, and who is made a poor man by the Derby, the result of which so overwhelmed him that he almost fell from his drag when the numbers were announced. Many an interesting novel has been constructed on a less symmetrical framework of imaginary incidents than the actual events we have summarized.

☞ The Lancaster (Ohio) Eagle describes the natural bridge twelve miles south of that place, showing it to be nearly as great a curiosity as the world-famed natural bridge of Virginia. The bridge is of solid sandstone, one hundred and fifty feet in length, and from eight to twenty wide.

☞ General Sickles is living in great style in Charleston. He appears every fine afternoon on the streets, in an elegant carriage, driving four splendid black horses, with silver trappings, and is generally accompanied by his daughter and a servant in livery.

☞ The reports of the grape crop in Ohio are very favorable, and the Cincinnati Wine Growers' Association have cheering intelligence from all quarters. They announce officially that the prospect is "that the yield of grapes this season will be unprecedented by any year since 1859. Such is the report all over the country. In most localities the fruit hangs in heavy and perfect clusters."

☞ Pianos, dress-coats and diamond-sets have long been hirable articles. Now the hiring out of bridal presents for display at fashionable weddings is a lucrative business, possibly bridegrooms may soon be had for hire, together with a first quality honeymoon.

☞ The potato rot has attacked the farms on Long Island. It is reported that in some places fields, embracing many acres, are wholly blasted. The Mercer variety appears to be the most infected. To save themselves as much as possible, farmers are hastening the crop into market, though it not unfrequently happens that potatoes looking very fair when dug show distinct signs of disease in a few hours.

☞ In a fashionable church at Pittsfield, strangers are seated according to dress. Moire antique and bonton close to the pulpit, muslins half way up the aisle, lace bar's bonnets back at the door, etc., etc.

☞ According to the American Agriculturalist, the present system of yoking oxen in this country is defective. It thinks that farmers never get the full power of their working oxen under the present system of yoking them, and that any one who has watched a fight between bulls or oxen ought to be convinced that the forehead of the animal is the great point of power, and that yoking by the head, as is done in South America, would be an improvement.

☞ We always like to record novel inventions. It is announced that at New Lebanon, in New Hampshire, the "American Patent Sponge Company" has started a factory for the purpose of "reducing sponges to pulp, to be used instead of hair in mattresses and general upholstery."

☞ Punch says that the Sultan has made a joke! Passing the shop of a well-known coiffeur, whose chignons were exposed for sale, he inquired if it was a hair-em.

☞ There is one divorce for every 20 marriages in Ohio.

☞ A man in Connecticut has nearly died from the effect of a fly bite.

☞ The *Journal des Debats*, of Paris, records an instance of remarkable liberality of feeling and of action toward the Christian Church. Six bells, carried off by the Turks from the towns of Crete, were offered for sale in Smyrna. They were purchased by the Jewish residents of that town and presented to the Archbishop of the Greek Church, accompanied by a letter, which is one of the most touching developments of religious sensibility and kindness that we remember to have met with in these latter days.

☞ There is a vase in the Paris Exposition valued at $2,800,000. It is made from a single turquoise."

☞ Ernest Renan, who wrote that well-known book, the "Life of Jesus," it is reported, has an income of about $20 000 in gold. Seven years ago he was overjoyed at being made a teacher at a salary of $1,200 a year. His writings have made his fortune, it being estimated that his "Life of Jesus" alone has yielded him $70 000

☞ Sunday before last, at Clarendon, Michigan, while several young people were returning from meeting in a carriage, a furious bull pursued them four miles. By running the team they arrived at home and drove in the yard just in time to escape him.

☞ SNAKE POISON.—Professor Halford, of Melbourne, has published a paper in the British Medical Journal upon the subject of the poison of the cobra-di-capello, and indicates some important points in regard to the action of the poison. He has found that the immediate result of the poison is to develope in the blood a number of corpuscles of living "germinal matter," which increase in great numbers, till at length they constitute the bulk of the blood. These cells appear to be of a vegetable growth, and by their number they so completely absorb the oxygen of the blood that the person poisoned may be said to die of asphyxia.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 4500 head. The prices realized from 16@17 cts ₩ lb. 250 Cows brought from $60 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—3400 head were disposed of at from 5½@6c ₩ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $10 @10,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

THE CABINET ORGAN.—The single house of Mason & Hamlin has succeeded in so far outstripping its rivals, that the question, "Who makes the best reed organs?" is no longer an open one. Of the excellence of these instruments we have, for our own part, become perfectly satisfied by frequent personal trials of the Mason & Hamlin instruments, and of various others. It is patent and undeniable.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

☞ ADVERSITY.—The chief misery of a sudden misfortune is not the first blow, but the subsequent discoveries of the different ways in which it affects us, of the various prospects which are blasted, and of the multifarious points where we are crushed. An unexpected piece of good fortune brings also after it a train of delightful surprises.

☞ A substitute for steel is said to have been successfully employed in France, in the shape of bronze, containing ten per cent. of aluminum and 90 per cent. of copper. In France the perforations in postage stamps are produced by fine needles. Three hundred of these, in the Paris machine, act together, penetrating five sheets at a time, and descending into holes, formed with great accuracy, in a plate beneath. This plate is made of steel and wears out in a single day; one made of aluminium bronze, and under an instrument making 120,000 blows in a day, is is said will bear 160,000,000 blows without requiring repair.

☞ "In woman's form," observes the late Dr. Knox, "I see the perfection of Nature's work: the absolutely perfect, the beautiful; the highest manifestation of abstract life, clothed in a physical form, adapted to the corresponding minds of her race and species."

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The aid received from the U. S. Government in constructing this portion of 425 miles is:
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It will be seen that, *exclusive of the land grant*, the First Mortgage Bonds represent only about *one-third* of the value of the property on which they are secured. The Company is also restrained by its Charter from issuing its bonds except as the work progresses, *and to the same amount on the various sections as are issued by the Government.* The mortgage which secures the bondholders is made to Hon. E. D. Morgan, U. S. Senator, from New York, and Hon. Oakes Ames, Member of the U. S. House of Representatives, from Massachusetts, as Trustees, who alone can issue the Bonds to the Company, and who are responsible for their issue in strict accordance with the terms of the law.
A statement of the earnings for the last quarter will be published in detail at an early day; but the accounts are already sufficiently balanced to show that the net amount is much greater than the gold interest on the bonds that can be issued on the length of road operated. It should be remembered that these earnings are only upon a *way business* in a new and undeveloped country, and are no index of the vast traffic that must follow the completion of the whole line to the Pacific in 1870. These facts are only intended to show that these Bonds are strictly one of the safest as well as one of the most profitable securities, and are fully entitled to the confidence of the public. The Company make no appeal to the public to purchase its Bonds, as the daily subscriptions are large, and fully equal to their wants.
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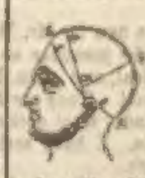

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Stragglers in the Rebel Army.

The Southern Journal, "The Land we Love," tells the following:—

After the wounding of General Joseph E. Johnston (who was a rigid disciplinarian) straggling got to be very common in the Army of Northern Virginia. In a short time straggling degenerated into desertion, and the latter being punished fitfully and irregularly the army diminished down to the squad which surrendered at Appomatox Court House. The oft-abused hospitality of the Virginians was outraged during the war by roving bands of these worthless creatures, who always claimed that they had had nothing to eat for three days. This was the stereotyped formula. They always told, too, of the desperate fights they had been in, and of the wonderful feats of valor they had performed.

We have never heard of the foiling of but one straggler, and that deserves to be commemorated, because of its rarity. Whether the good woman who baffled him did it through shrewdness or simplicity, we leave it to the reader to decide.

Mrs. ——— and her two daughters were sitting at their work in a plain room of an ordinary farm house, in Madison county, Va., when a dirty, rusty-looking, but fat and florid soldier knocked at the door. On entering, he told his tale, the old tale so often heard by Virginia matrons. That and the replies to it were after this manner:—

Straggler—I was cut off in the retreat the other day, and the Yanks most got me, but I killed three on 'em first. I've had nothing to eat since. For three days I've not had a mouthful. Hard fightin' and poor feedin' for us fellers.

Old Lady—Bless my life! Not eat a mouthful in three days! Run, Polly Ann, and make the kittle bile quick. Put on some corn-meal and fix up some warm gruel for the poor starvin' body.

Straggler—I'm so powerful weak, couldn't you give me some bread and milk and a bit of ham?

Old Lady—The worst thing you could eat. Miss Smith's son Jimmy, he got lost out blackberrying', and when they found the little critter in the gum swamp he was nigh on to dead. Dr. Jones, he was sent for, and he up and said that the boy must have nothin' exceptin' it war gruel for as many days as he were out in the woods. Miss Smith, she's a monstrous particular person, and she fed Jimmy on gruel for two blessed days and nights, and Jimmy can run about now as peert as anybody.

Straggler—I've heam that a little whiskey was good to bring a feller roun' who had got down that are way.

Old Lady—Wus nor ever! I'm real scared, stranger, that hunger's made you crazy like. You, Betsy Jane, run and help Polly Ann make that kittle bile. Git some dry chips in your apron, and I'll take the meal out myself. Ever since we got the lid broke the kittle's monstrous hard to bile.

Straggler—I wish you and Polly Ann and Betsy Jane may all git to a country where the kittle is monstrous easy to bile. (Exit Straggler.)

Old Lady—I do believe the ungrateful critter wants us all at the bad place, and me a doin' all I could for him. But he's monstrous fat for a starvin' man.

A Church-Going Belle's Soliloquy.

"I should think they would keep the pews from dust; I shall certainly soil my new satin. I wonder whether anybody noticed my new bonnet? I think it's very becoming. Goodness! if there isn't Miss Sprague, the school teacher, rigged out in a new mantilla. She spends all her salary on dress, or I'm mistaken. I do hate vanity and ostentation.

"I wonder who that young gentleman is in the next pew; he's very handsome certainly. I never saw such a becoming moustache. I shouldn't wonder if it was the city cousin Mrs. Primrose has told me of. I should like to know if he's married. I guess I will speak to Mrs. Primrose after church. Perhaps she will introduce me.

"Oh, dear me! what a long prayer. It's tiresome standing up so long. I hope they'll introduce the custom of sitting down during prayer. I should like to hint to our minister that he had better shorten his services.

"I wish papa would take a pew in Mr. Watson's church. Such a beautiful preacher as he is. His sermons are so poetical, and then he's so handsome and so intellectual. They say he's looking out for a wife. I wonder what sort of a minister's wife I should make. I have serious thoughts of joining the church.

"How unbecomingly Mrs. Spaulding is dressed. I believe that woman is perfectly destitute of taste. When will that sermon be through? I declare if there isn't Miss Holder with a feather in her bonnet! Some people admire her complexion, but it's my opinion that any one may have a fine complexion who will paint! Thank Heaven! I haven't come to that yet!

"How hot it is! Where's my fan? The benediction at last. Now I must contrive to see Mrs. Primrose, and get an introduction to that gentleman. Ah! there she is!"

Sold Oysters as an Agent.

Deacon Smee was an austere man who followed oystering, and was of the hard-shell persuasion. The deacon "allus made it a pint" to tell his customers that the money which he received for "sisters" did not belong to him. "The good Father made the 'sisters,'" said the deacon, "and the money is His'n; I'm only a stoogart." They do say the deacon had a way of getting about ten cents more on a hundred by his peculiar method of doing business for somebody else. One Sunday morning the old fellow was tearing round from house to house with a suspicious bit of currency in his hand, and more than a suspicion of rage in his face. Some one had given him a bad fifty cents, and he "wasn't goin' to meetin' till that air was fixed up." "Why, deacon," said one of his customers, whom he had tackled about it, "what's the odds? what need you care? tisn't yours, you know; you are only a steward; it isn't your loss." The deacon shifted his shoulder, walked to the door, unshipped his quid, and said, "Yaas, that's so; but if you think that I'm agoin' to stand by and see the Lord cheated out of fifty cents, you're mistaken. *I don't foster no such feelin'!*"

☞ A small town is a place where there are many tongues to talk and but few heads to think.

A DOOSID AWKWARD QUESTION.

PROUD FATHER (with the eye-glass)—"Now, Frank, your honest opinion, please. Which do *you* consider dear baby takes after—her mother, or me?"

The Algerian Game "Yadace."

The game is of the utmost simplicity, and consists solely in abstaining from receiving anything whatsoever from the person with whom you play. In order to ratify the convention which is established between the players at the commencement of the game, each player takes by the end a piece of straw, a slip of paper, or even, it may be, a blade of grass, which is broken or torn in two pieces between them, the sacramental formula "Yadace" being pronounced at the same time. After this, the law of the game is in full force—that is to say, the opposing parties are at full liberty to cheat, swindle, deceive, and take advantage of each other, at the earliest opportunity. If a European takes part in the game, he is sure to be quickly beaten; but with two Moors, or Jews, or Moorish ladies, a struggle of mutual astuteness, caution and circumspection begins, which is prolonged for days, weeks, months, and in many cases years.

The following story will suffice to initiate any one into the mysteries and peculiarities of the game; and also show the danger to the Moor of playing at Yadace with his *wife*.

Hassan-el-Djeninah was vizier, and chief favorite to the Pasha or the Oudjah of Constantine. He was the fattest man in the Pashalic; and, more than that, was reckoned the most jealous husband in all Barbary. And it is something to be considered jealous in a land where all husbands are notoriously so.

Gay young Muselmans trembled when they saw Hassan-el-Djeninah waddle across the great square of Constantine, or issue from the barber's shop. He walked slowly, for his breath was short; but his yataghan was long, and he could use it.

Hassan had four wives—a very moderate and respectable number for a Moor. The name of the youngest was Leila Khanoum. Now, if Hassan-el-Djeninah was jealous of his wives, they, you may be sure, were jealous of each other; save poor little Leila, who was only sixteen, and not at all of a jealous disposition; but between the envy of her sister-wives, who hated her, and the unceasing watchfulness of her husband, who loved her with most inconvenient fondness, she led a terrible life of it. Leila Khanoum was Hassan's favorite wife. He would suffer her, but no one else, to fill his pipe, to adjust the jewelled mouth-piece to his lips, and to tickle the soles of his august feet when he wished to be lulled to sleep. He would loll for hours on the cushions of his divan, listening while she sang monotonous love-songs—rocking herself to and fro the while, and accompanying herself upon a guitar, in the manner of Moorish ladies. He gave her rich suits of brocade and cloth of gold; he gave her a white donkey from Spain to ride on; he gave her jewels, scented tobacco to smoke, henna for her eyelids and finger-nails; in short, he paid her every little delicate attention that he could think of; and finally, he condescended to play with her for a princely stake—nothing less than the repudiation of the other three wives, and the settlement of all his treasures upon her—at Yadace.

At the same time, as I said before, he was terribly jealous of her, watched her day and night. He kept spies about her, bribed her attendants, came home at day-break after a night of watching, silent and unobserved. He studied the language of flowers, which in the East is rather more nervous and forcible than with us; finally, he took a lodging on the opposite side of the street, that he might sit and watch who went in or out of his house when he was supposed to be far away.

One day while employed in this dignified pursuit, he saw his wife's female negro slave emerge from his house, look round cautiously, and beckon with her hand. Then from a dark passage a figure, habited as a Frank, followed the slave into the house, and shut the door. This was quite enough. Up jumped Hassan, rushed across the street, and into his wife's apartment, where the beautiful Leila was in the act of bending over a large chest that stood upon the ground. Hassan-el-Djeninah saw the state of affairs in an instant. The Giaour must be in the chest! He knocked over the wretched black slave like a nine-pin, rushed to the chest, and tried to raise the lid.

"The key, woman! the key!" he cried.

"My love, I have it not. It is lost. It is gone to be mended."

Hassan was not a man to be trifled with; the trembling Leila knew it, and soon handed him the key. He rushed to the chest, and tore open the lid. There was certainly some one inside, habited as a Giaour; but beneath the Frank habits were discovered the face and form of Sulee, Leila Khanoum's favorite Georgian slave!

"What—what means this?" asked Hassan, looking very foolish.

"Yadace, oh, my lord; for you *took the key!*"

"Yadace," repeated the Georgian slave.

"Yadace," screamed the negress, with a horrible grin.

"Allah akbar!" exclaimed the vanquished Hassan. "Allah akbar! I've lost my three wives!"—*A Winter in Algeria.*

AGRICULTURAL.

Wastes of the Farm.

There are few pursuits in which so many leakages occur as in farming. A little want of minute attention here, and a little there, make up a very considerable sum when all added together at the end of the year. There may, possibly, be such a thing as being too particular in regard to trifles, such a thing as spending too much time in raking perfectly clean, when a greater loss will follow from want of attention elsewhere, and no doubt some discretion is to be exercised as to where attention shall be directed to the greatest advantage at any given time. We once knew of a farmer who lost a responsible and desirable position because when a committee went to examine his premises, a little lock of hay was found lying on the barn floor where it was in danger of being stepped upon by the passers-by. He never knew, and probably does not to this day, why it was that the committee decided against him.

This was, perhaps, an extreme case, and yet if he was in the habit of leaving hay scattered about upon the barn floor, the waste in the course of a year must have been considerable, and it would have been a fatal defect in his management. But there are farmers who ought to know and do better, who allow a waste in this particular alone, of hay, or straw, or corn fodder enough in the course of a summer, to keep a good sized cow one full winter. The natural inference is that they have no right to complain that farming don't pay. A very little care, a very little time spent in adopting a more perfect system, would add to their income, to the extent, at least, of the profit on a cow for the year.

But the difficulty is that the farmer who suffers so great and constant a waste of feeding substances on the barn floor, carries this mode of management into the whole routine of the farm. The cattle may not get cleaned out at regular times, or if cleaned out when they should be, the manure is left to swelter in the sun or to be drenched in the rain without the protection of a covering of boards, as under a shed, or in a barn cellar, or of a mixture of absorbents, in the form of muck, or loam or sand. The pigsty is not regularly and systematically supplied with bedding or new material to be worked over into manure. On such a farm you will find vacant spaces among the corn, carelessly trimmed headlands, bushes growing along the division fences and along the roads. You will find various farm implements exposed to the weather, various trees neglected and fruitless for want of attention, and generally an air of neglect about the premises, the fields and the pastures.

There are a thousand little things that really do not take any time at all to attend to, because they come in as a part of one's general management and occupy odd hours only. One man in passing through his fields may see a mullein or a dock, or some other vile weed of the stronger sort, and up it comes. He will not allow such growth to sap the goodness of his soil. Another will pass them by unobserved. A whole pasture of mulleins, a whole field of white weed, a whole garden full of yellow dock, would hardly excite his notice. Now the farmer who takes a few steps to pull up a yellow dock, really spends but little time in keeping down the vile weed, and he probably effects more in his day's work, than the man who neglects it. He will soon have less, till his fields are clean and free from such worthless growth. It is the system that one adopts, and the want of system on the part of the other, that makes the difference between the thrifty farmer and the careless one. If you find a man's fields reasonably clean and free from weeds, his pastures free from mulleins and such like growths, you would expect to find his barns kept in order, and would observe but little waste of feeding substances, or other things about the premises; you would find his heart in his business, and it makes a wonderful difference at the end of the year, whether this general system of economy is adopted or not.

A farmer who keeps his tools scattered about, and who suffers the hay to go to waste on the barn floor, will justify it on the ground of want of time; but the fact is, a reasonable degree of order and neatness, saves time; and not only that, but it makes the difference between success and failure in any farming enterprise. It makes a vast difference in the results of the year, for instance, whether a head of cows in a dairy are regularly milked, regularly fed, and regularly turned out of the barn or not. Everybody at all conversant with farm management knows that. In one case it is a steady persistent system, in the other it is chance, and the chance is that it won't pay.

In conducting any farm, many things have to be done that do not in themselves pay an immediate profit. It is the future results that are to be looked to for the returns in money. If the fields are kept clear of weeds, the grass will flourish and yield goods crops. If the pastures are cleared of brush and mulleins they carry more stock, and the good crops of hay and the good pasture put on flesh and beef and mutton, which, in the form of these products, or in the form of milk, or work or wool, must be expected to pay in dollars and cents. Here is the result of system, and the farmer who adopts the true system and follows it up will be sure to succeed, or if not, he ought to, for the result will generally measure the value of the system.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Insect-Plants.

A REMARKABLE TREE.—Dr. Stanley L. Haynes, in a short pamphlet entitled "A Ramble in the New Zealand Bush," tells the following remarkable tree story:—The pata tree is said to have a most remarkable mode of commencing its existence. The young plant takes root in the head of a caterpillar, which buries itself before it dies (or is killed by its strange parasite,) and so enables the young plant to obtain a legitimate and radical nourishment from the soil. Dr. Haynes possesses four specimens of this *lusus naturæ;* in three of them the stem grows from the top of the caterpillar's head; in the other it grew straight forward between the eyes; on one of them two stems arise from the head. The caterpillars are three inches long and half an inch in diameter, and are quite dry and brown, without indications of having been at all decomposed. On the contrary, the true and false feet and the eyes and mouth are well preserved.

The foregoing, clipped from the columns of the Public Ledger, although very "remarkable," if true, yet is not nearly so remarkable as a case recorded on the 257th page of the "Family Magazine" for 1840, published at Cincinnati, O., by J. A. James & Co.

According to the account there recorded, a strange insect-plant was procured in Plymouth, North Carolina, preserved in alcohol, and brought to Cincinnati by some individual, not named in the communication. This strange insect-plant or plant-insect, is represented as being fully one inch and a half long; of a brownish color; with two filiform *antennæ;* and with a pair of anterior palmated feet, similar to those of a ground-mole. It has also two posterior feet; and after the insect is matured, it burrows into the ground, and these two feet become developed as a plant, or plants, resembling trefoil, growing about six inches or more in height. The extremity of these branches bear a bud, not of a leaf or a flower, but of an insect in embryo. As this embryo developes, the insect falls to the ground and feeds upon the leaves of the mother plant, and as soon as it is matured, it, in like manner, goes into the ground, and a new plant comes up, and so on during the season. No more was said upon the subject *then*, because a gentleman of Philadelphia was cultivating a quantity of them, for the purpose of furnishing museums. According to the illustration of this rare animal-plant, which accompanies the article in the book, the insect bears some resemblance to the common mole-cricket—*Gryllotalpa*—differing very much in this respect from its cogener in New Zealand.

These accounts need authentication and confirmation, and perhaps if ever "a gentleman in Philadelphia" has been experimenting on this subject, these remarks may bring him out, I hope, for I have long been looking for his report. That a hard seed might get into the body of an insect, and therein germinate and grow after the insect had buried itself in the ground and died, is not remarkable; but that the plant growing therefrom should bear a bud producing a like insect, requires ocular demonstration for any one to believe, unless coming from the most unquestionable authority.—*S. S. F. in Farm and Fireside.*

RECEIPTS.

CHICKEN BONED.—Any bird is boned in the same way, the larger the better. Take a dry picked chicken. Cut off the legs at the first joint. Split the back skin from the neck to the rump. Break the wing joint, and the wing comes off with the rest. With a small, sharp knife, peel off all the flesh, cutting close to the bone. You get off the flesh and skin in one piece, with the legs and wings on. Then cut out the leg bones and the wing bones.

The chicken weighed 3½ lbs. There was also used ½ lbs. of ham, 3 sheeps' tongues, 1½ lbs. of sausage meat, and ¼ lb. of salt pork. The ham, pork, and tongue are cut in fillips. The tongue may be either fresh or salted, best fresh, and must have been boiled well.

Spread the chicken flat. Lay on a layer of sausage meat. Then a layer of fillets of ham and pork. Then a layer of sausage meat. Another of fillets, till you can get enough to fill the chicken. You can put in the legs and wings and a few fillets of truffles if you wish. Fold up the chicken so as to cover the meat, &c., and sew up, and leave a little space open so that you can see in. Roll it up in a large towel. Put it in a pot, with the same seasoning as for broth, and cover with cold water. Boil gently three hours.

It will sink at first, and when cooked it will rise above the water. You may put the bones and trimmings of the same chicken in to make broth if you choose. When cooked take it off in the pot and let the pot cool with the chicken in it. Take it out, lay it on its breast, towel and all, with a weight on it, over night. That will flatten it, and next day lay it on a plate, breast up.

SCOLLOPED TOMATOES.—Take fine, large tomatoes, perfectly ripe. Scald them to loosen the skins, and then peal them. Cover the bottom of a deep dish thickly with grated bread-crumbs, adding a few bits of fresh butter. Then put in a layer of tomatoes, seasoned slightly with a little salt and cayenne, and some powdered mace or nutmeg. Cover them with another layer of bread-crumbs and butter. Then another layer of seasoned tomatoes; and proceed thus till the dish is full, finishing at the top with bread-crumbs. Set the dish into a moderate oven, and bake it near three hours. Tomatoes require long cooking, otherwise they will have a raw taste, that to most persons is unpleasant.

YOUNG CORN OMELET.—To a dozen ears of fine young Indian corn allow five eggs. Boil the corn a quarter of an hour; and then, with a large grater, grate it down from the cob. Beat the eggs very light, and then stir gradually the grated corn into the pan of eggs. Add a small salt-spoon of salt, and a very little cayenne. Put into a hot frying-pan equal quantities of lard and fresh butter, and stir them well together over the fire. When they boil, put in the mixture thick, and fry it; afterwards browning the top with a red-hot shovel, or a salamander. Transfer it, when done, to a heated dish, but do not fold it over. It will be found excellent. This is a good way of using boiled corn that has been left from dinner the preceding day.

SWEET APPLE PIE.—Take sweet apples, grate them fine, mix with sweet milk. Add a teacup of sweet cream and one egg to each pie; season it with nutmeg or cinnamon, and bake with one crust, and you will have a simple but delicious pie.

TO RESTORE A CRUMBLED BLACK SILK DRESS.—Sponge the silk with spirits of wine, diluted with a little water. Then iron it on the wrong side, keeping a piece of muslin between the surface of the silk and the hot iron.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.

My 1, 9, 13, 2, is a person's name, signifying "Strength or valor."

My 17, 3, 19, 6, 20, is a person's name, signifying "My time."

My 24, 23, 9, 15, is a person's name, signifying "Of high descent."

My 13, 2, 22, 9, 13, is a person's name, signifying "Strong counsel."

My 13, 12, 18, 4, is a person's name, signifying "A friend or companion."

My 10, 14, 13, is a person's name, signifying "A candle."

My 15, 17, 9, 17, is a person's name, signifying "Careful."

My 9, 15, 5, 11, 4, is a person's name, signifying "Happiness."

My 22, 9, 18, 21, 2, 25, is a person's name, signifying "Studious."

My 9, 8, 9, is a person's name, signifying "Living."

My whole is a maxim. CORA.

Floral Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A flower whose language is "Hope."
A flower whose language is "Compassion."
A flower whose language is "A token."
A flower whose language is "I have a message for you."
A flower whose language is "Beware."
A flower whose language is "Le plus soin, le plus cher."
A plant whose language is "Disdain."
A plant whose language is "Peace."
A flower whose language is "Inconstancy."
A flower whose language is "I wound to heal."

My initials form the name of a flower whose language is "Devotion."

AZARIAN.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Being engaged in laying out an oblong garden, which contained just an acre and a half, I found that having cut off from one end a square area, the greatest square I could form in the remainder contained just 64 (sixty four) square rods. What were the length and breadth of my garden? W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Being on the bank of a river and wishing to find the distance between two objects, A and B on the opposite side, I set a stake, C, where I stood, and measured back from the river 48 feet, and set another stake, D, to range with the former and the object A; then at right angles with this line, I measured the distance of 80 feet, and set another stake, E, and from this I measured 50 feet directly towards the object B, and then set another stake, F, and found the distance between C and F to be 44 feet. I then found if a straight line were drawn from the object A to the stake E, it would cross the line C F 27 feet from the stake C, and if one were drawn from the object B to the stake D, it would cross the same line 26 feet from the stake F. Required the distance from A to B.

E. P. NORTON.

Allen, Hilldale Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What two letters in the alphabet have least in them? Ans.—M. T.

☞ What are the two most intemperate letters of the alphabet? Ans.—X. S.

☞ What are the two most sinful letters of the alphabet? Ans.—N. V.

☞ Why is a tournament like sleep? Ans.—Because it's a knightly occupation.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—The Atlantic Cable. REBUS—Acdon, Tebro, Essex.

A	c	d	o	n.
T	e	l	r	o.
E	s	s	e	x.
Ate.	See.	Dis.	Ore.	Nox.

TOWNS IN SCOTLAND ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED—Applecross, Dunbar, Selkirk, Dollar, Wigtown, Portsoy, Peterhead, Bathgate, Glasboro, Montrose.

Errata.

Answer to Artemas Martin's PROBLEM, Oct. 14, 1866, as given by A. Lamy, is erroneous, as the Problem is *indeterminate.*

My answer to Artemas Martin's Problem, Feb. 23, 1867, is only *true* for an acute triangle, and does not satisfy the conditions of the Problem.

The answers given by W. H. Morrow and Joseph Phebus to Problem by W. H. M., April 27, 1867, are *erroneous.* The Probability is as 2 to 3.

Respectfully, J. M. GREENWOOD.